

GOLD  
KEY

CAVE KIDS

BE

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



IT'S A FRANTIC PANIC WHEN THE  
CAVE KIDS MEET THE TERRIBLE TYRANT-A-SAURUS!



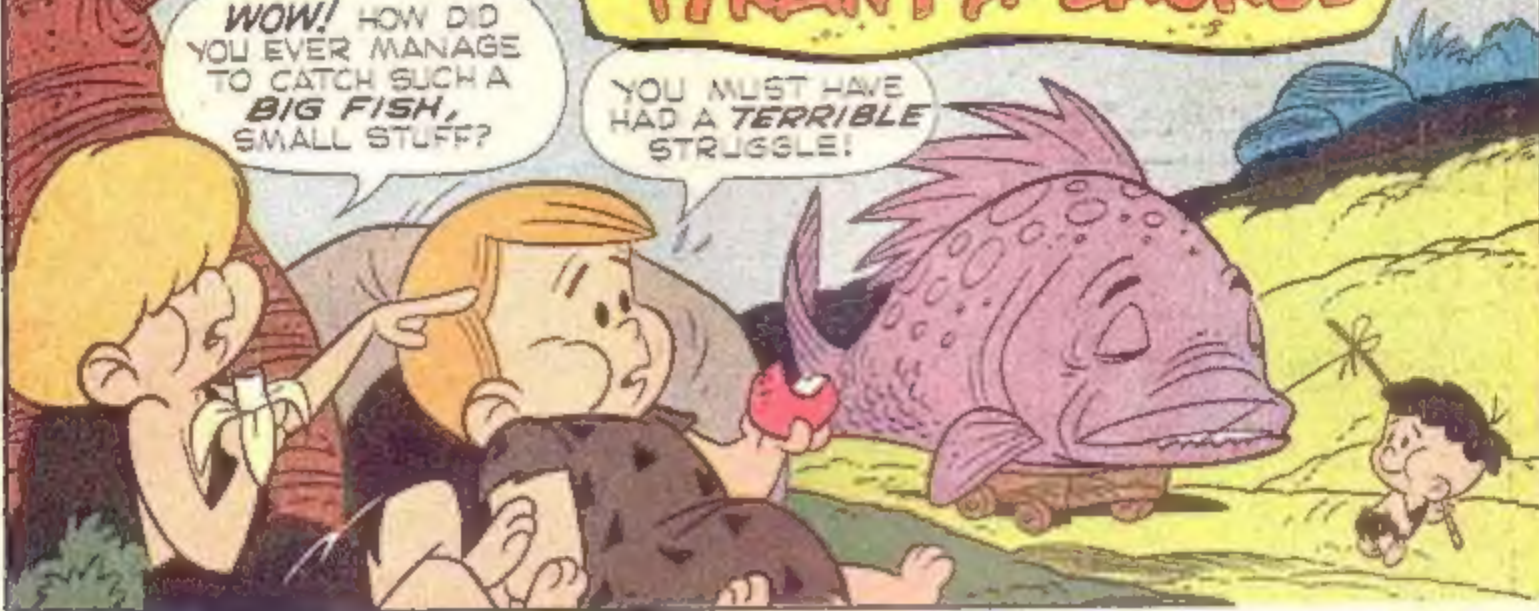
Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS

## THE TERRIBLE TYRANT-A-SAURUS

WOW! HOW DID YOU EVER MANAGE TO CATCH SUCH A BIG FISH, SMALL STUFF?

YOU MUST HAVE HAD A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE!



NOTHING TO IT! IT WAS AS EASY AS FALLING INTO A QUARRY!



AW, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING ANYHOW?

WE'RE NOT DUMB BUNNYSAURUSES!

BUT I JUST COULDN'T HELP MYSELF, FELLAS!



IT WAS IN MY FUTURE FOR ME TO CATCH THIS WHOPPER FISH!

HUH?

IN YOUR FUTURE!?!

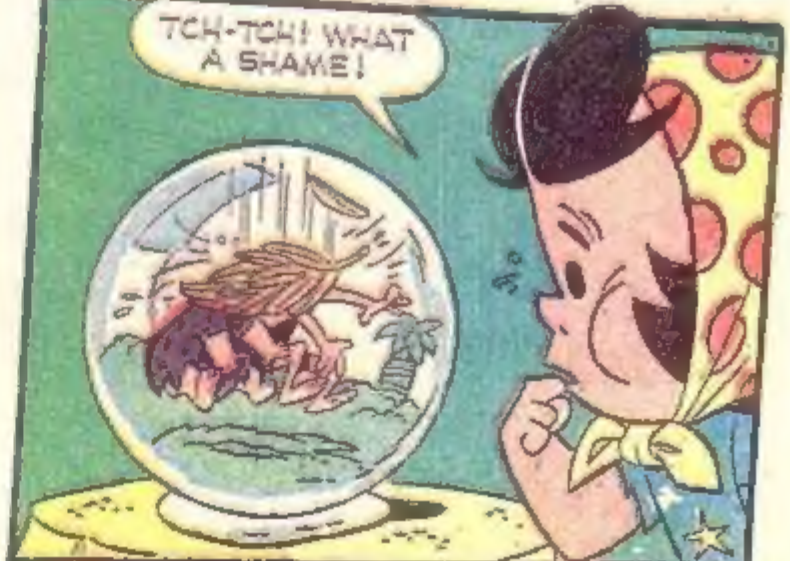
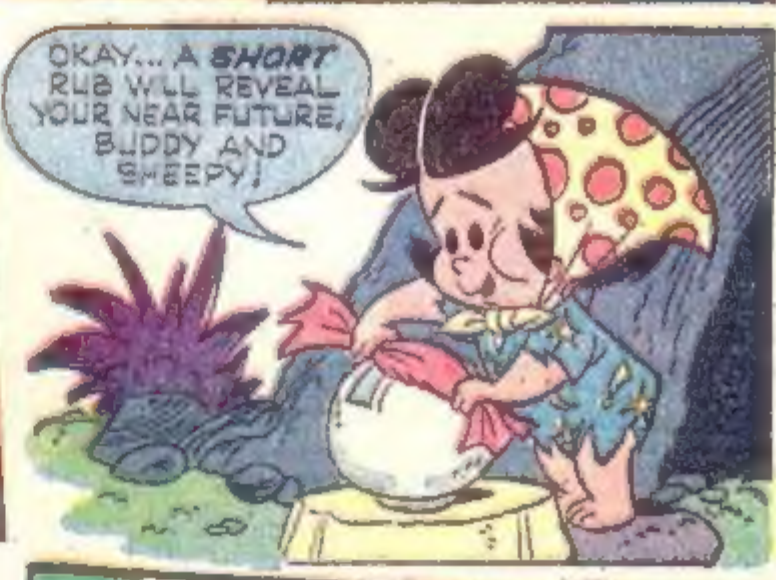
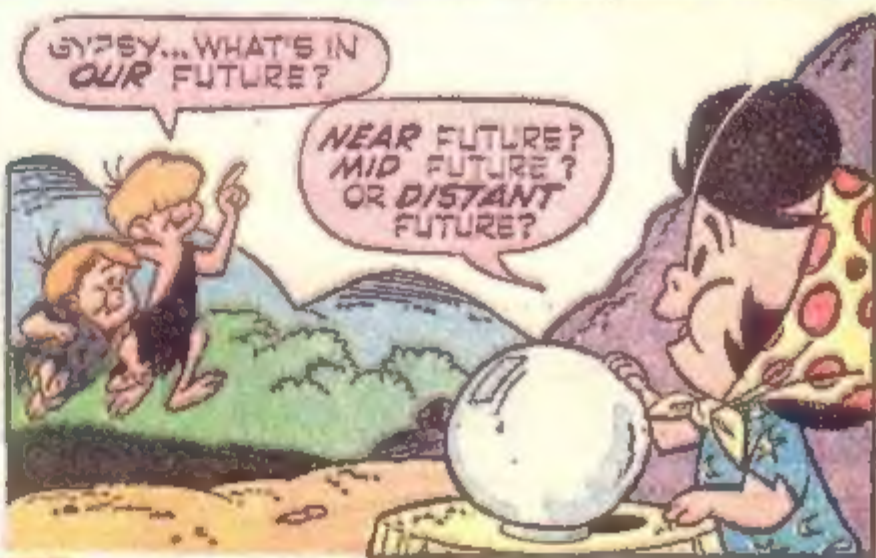


YES! GYPSY CRYSTAL SAW ME CATCH IT IN HER CRYSTAL BALL BEFORE I EVEN THOUGHT OF GOING FISHING!

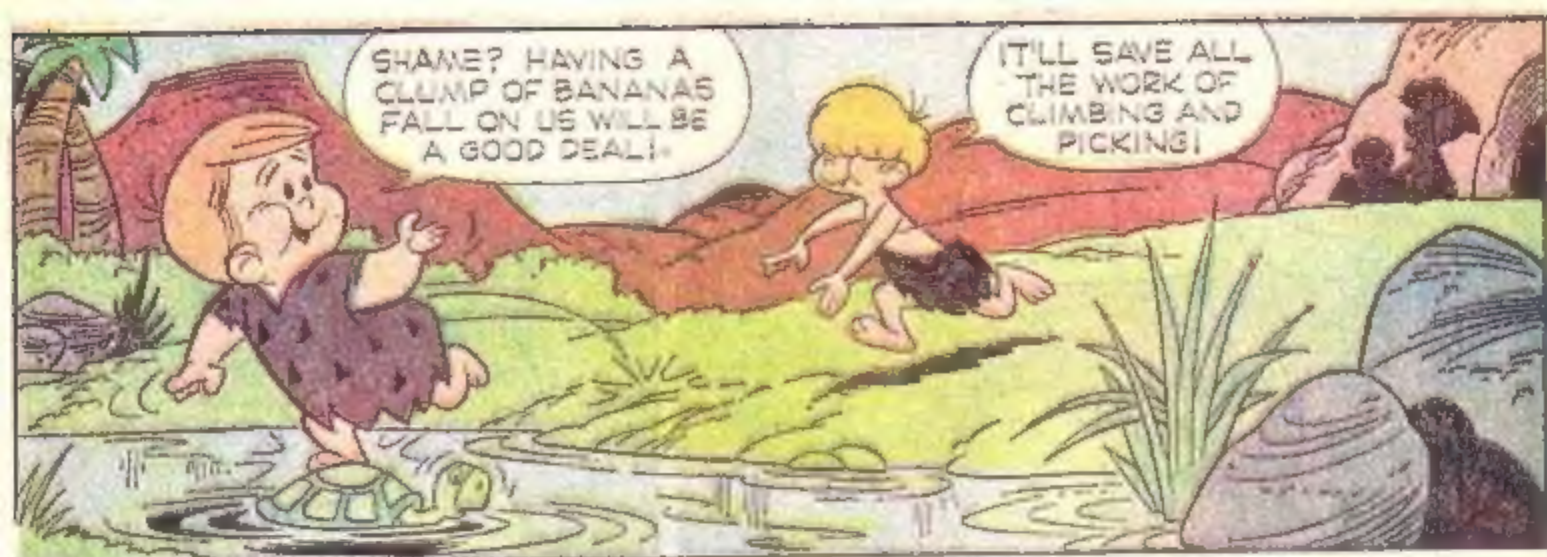


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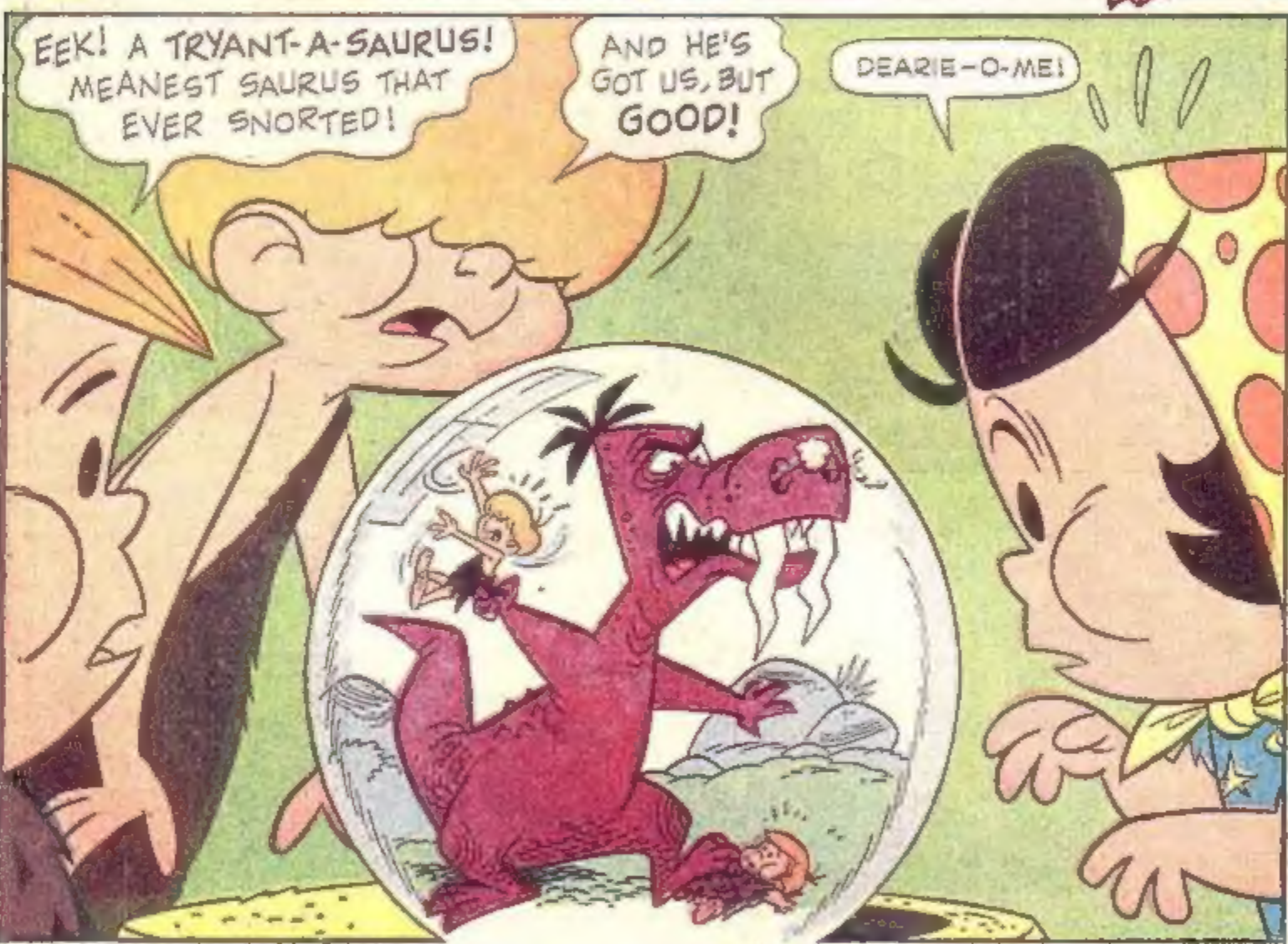
DON'T YOU HAVE ENOUGH PATIENCE TO AT LEAST TRY THE *MID* FUTURE?

SURE WE DO! WE'RE NOT SISSIES!



WE'LL EVEN TAKE A GAPE AT THE *DISTANT* FUTURE!

BRISK RUB-A-DUB IT IS!



EEEK! A TRYANT-A-SAURUS! MEANEST SAURUS THAT EVER SNORTED!

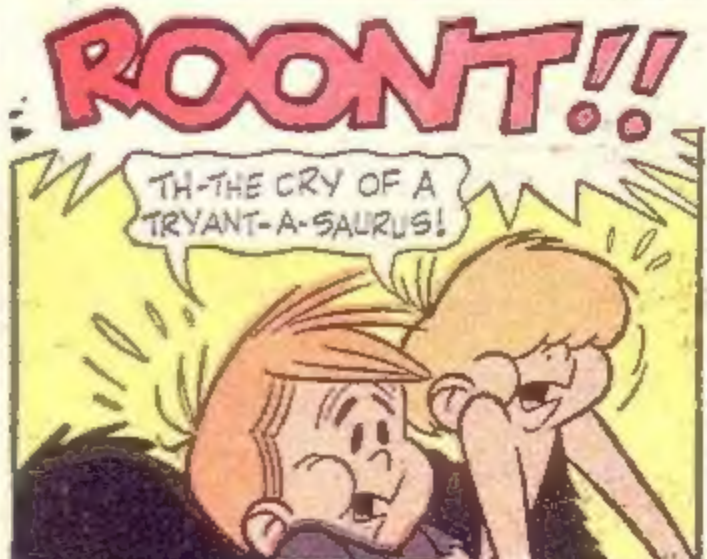
AND HE'S GOT US, BUT GOOD!

DEARIE-O-ME!



A FINE ONE YOU ARE, GYPSY!

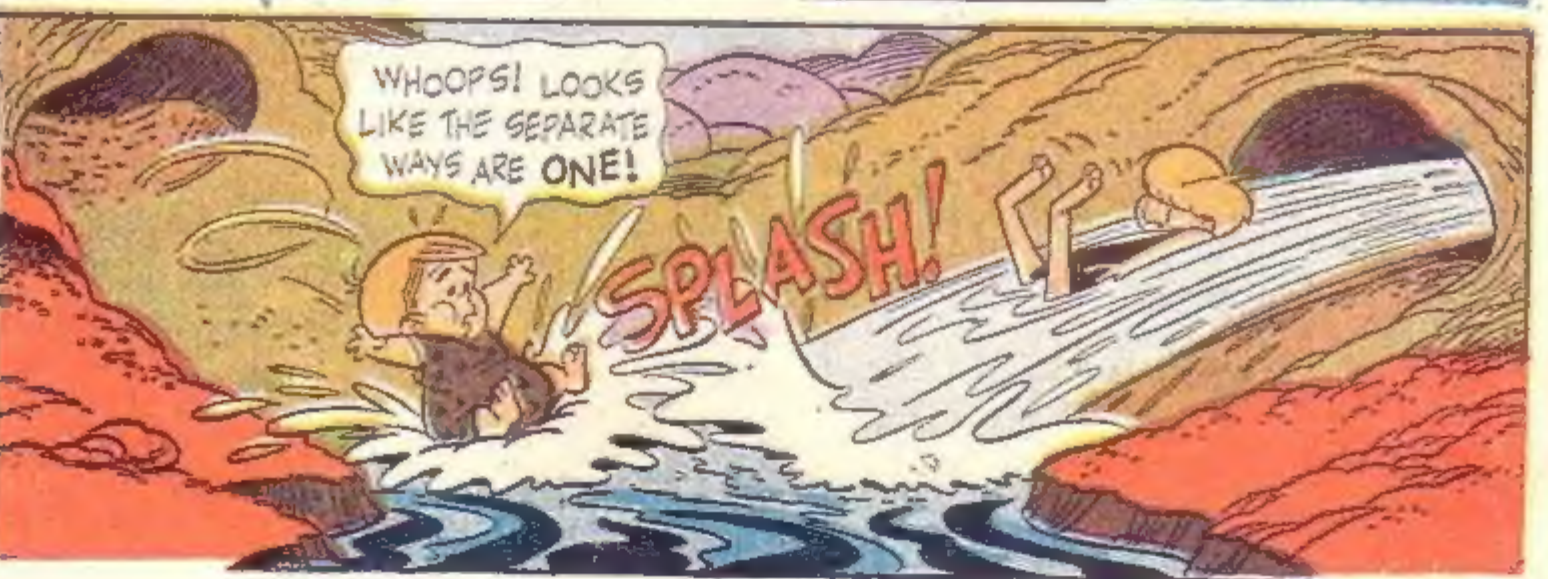
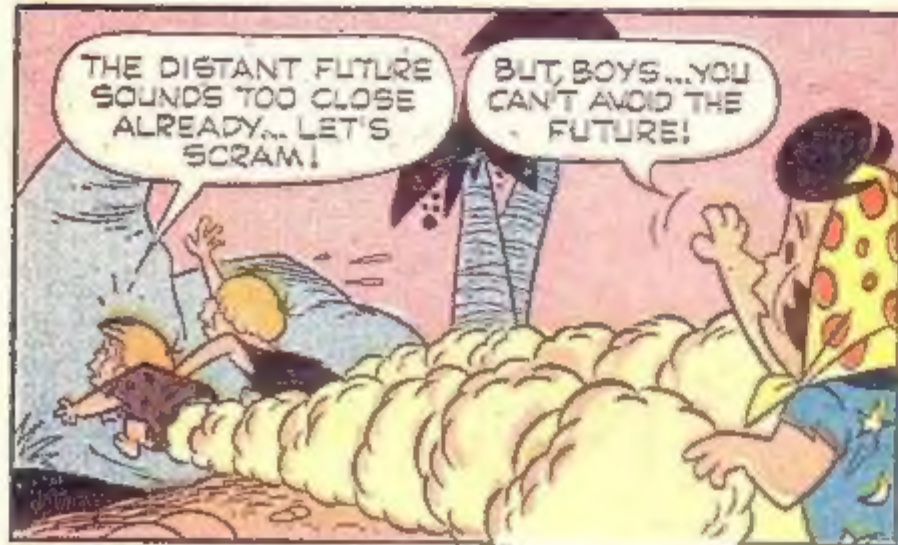
I DON'T *MAKE* THE FUTURE... I JUST *VIEW* IT!



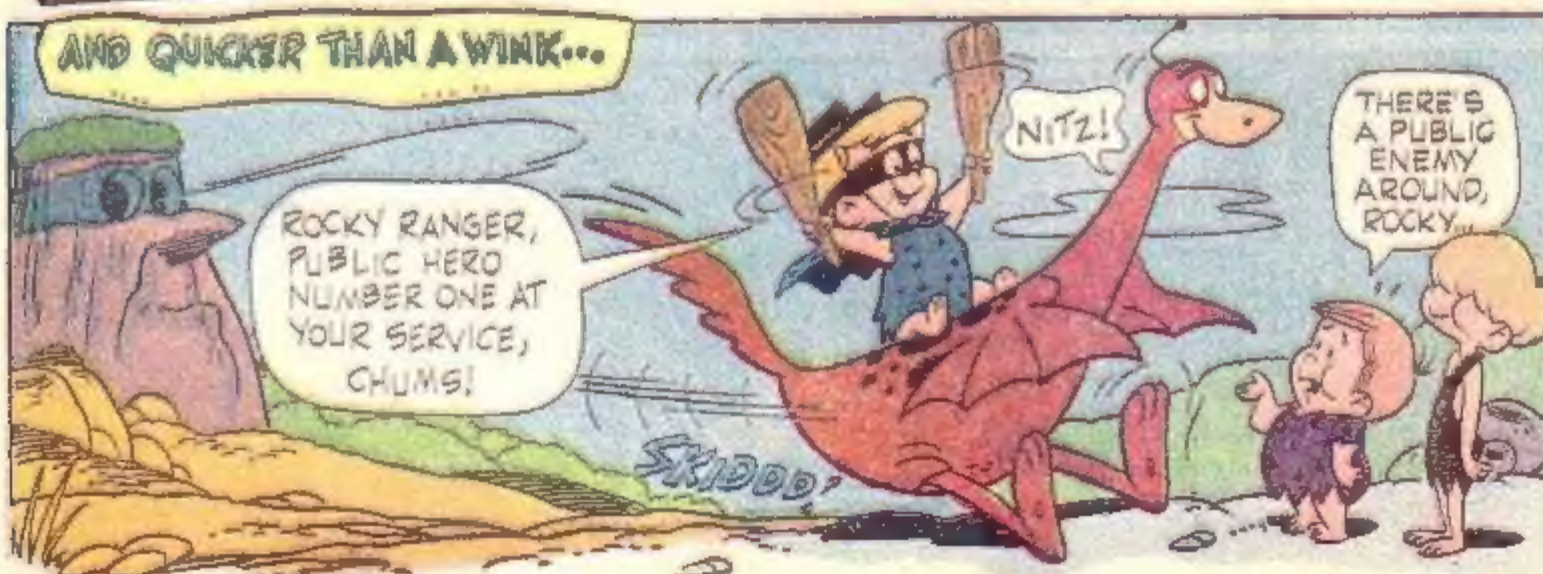
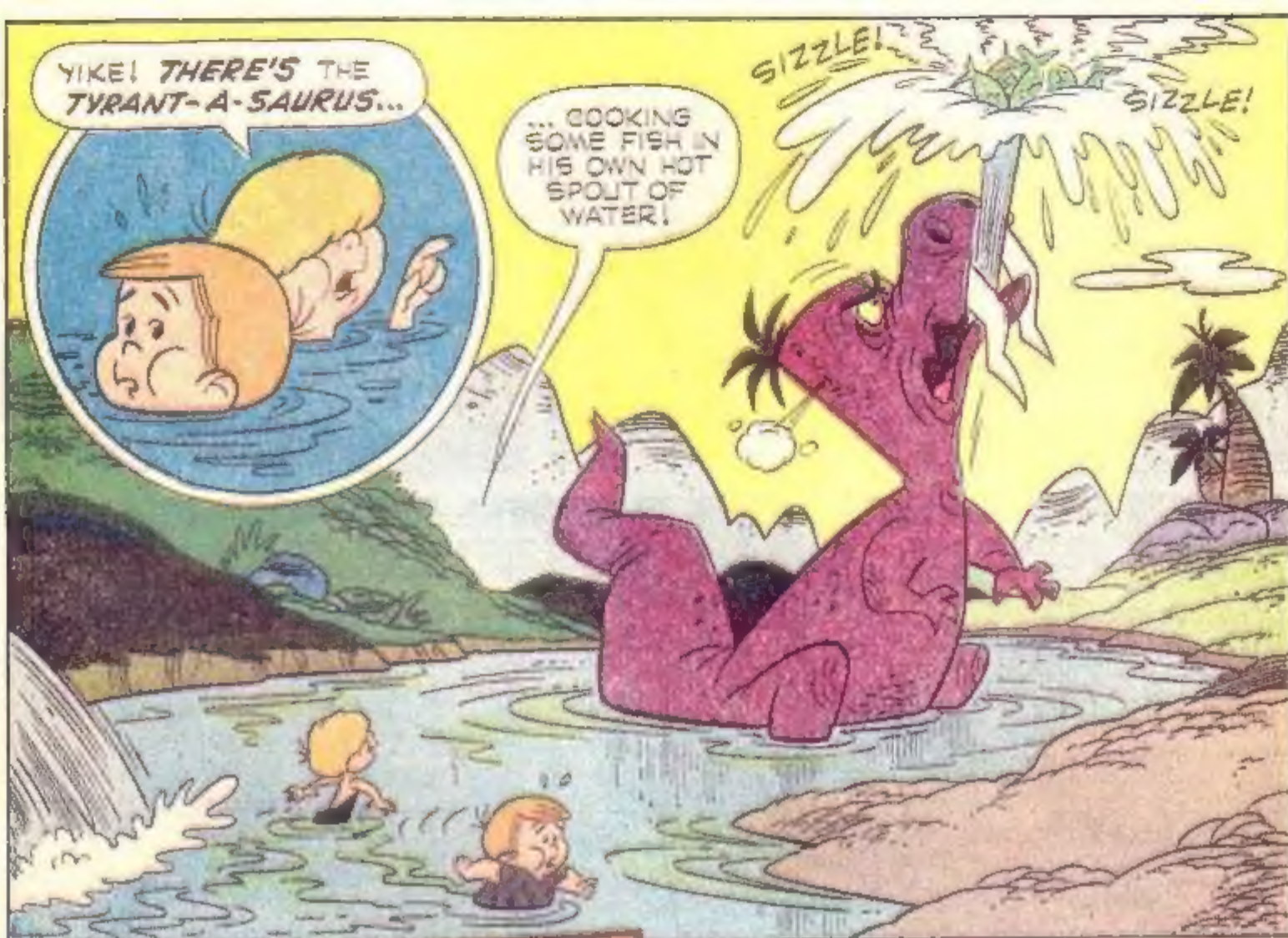
**ROOONT!!**

TH-THE CRY OF A TRYANT-A-SAURUS!

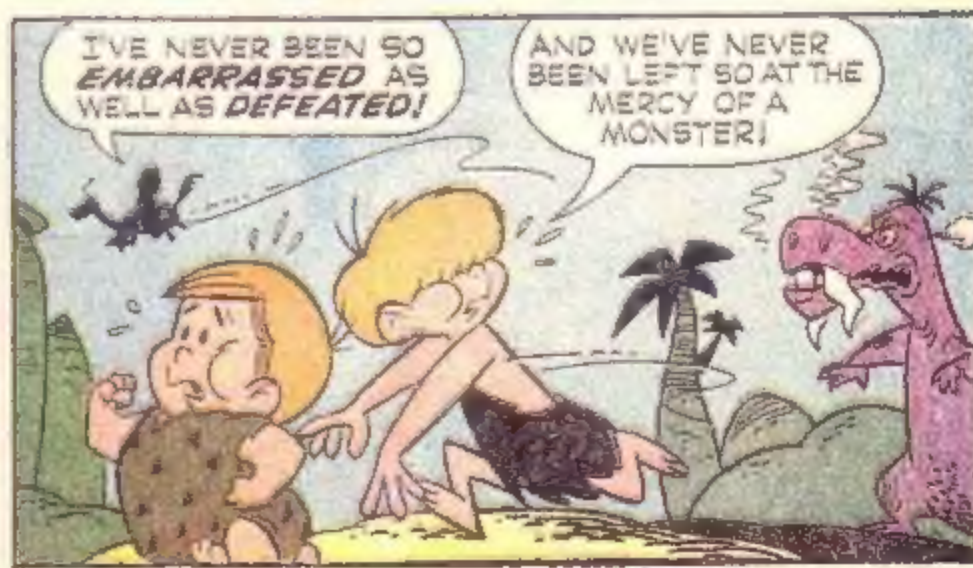
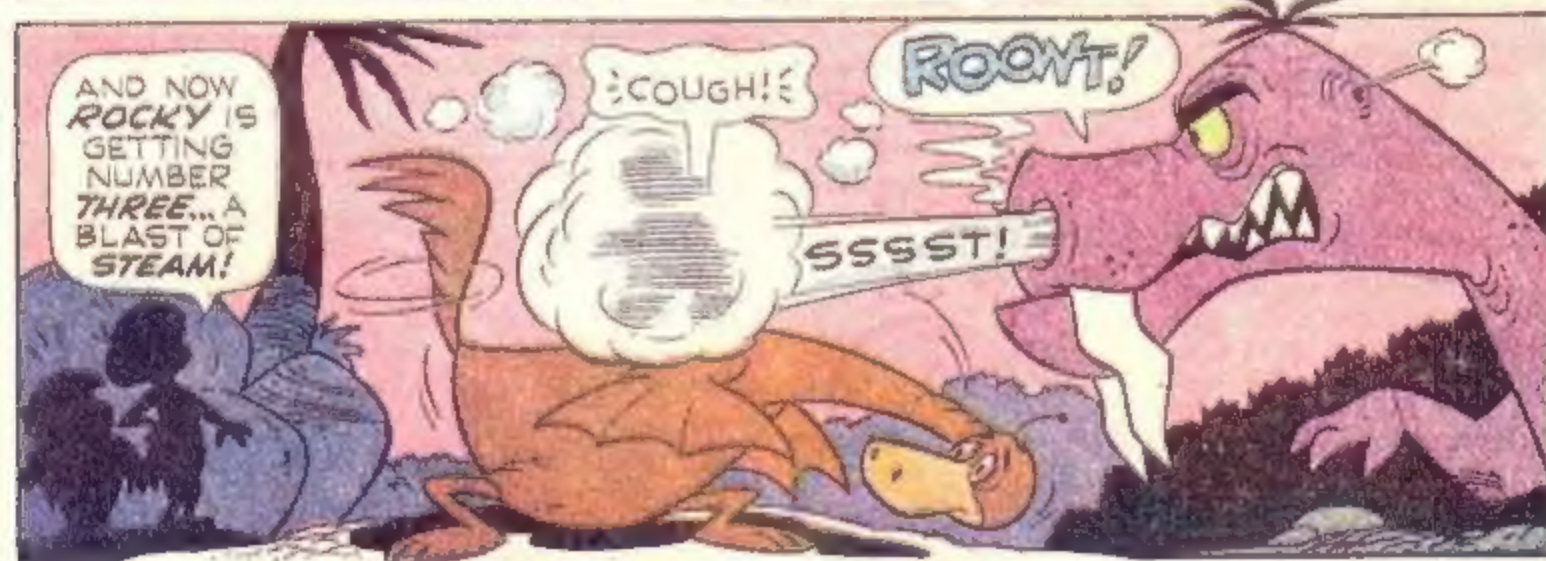




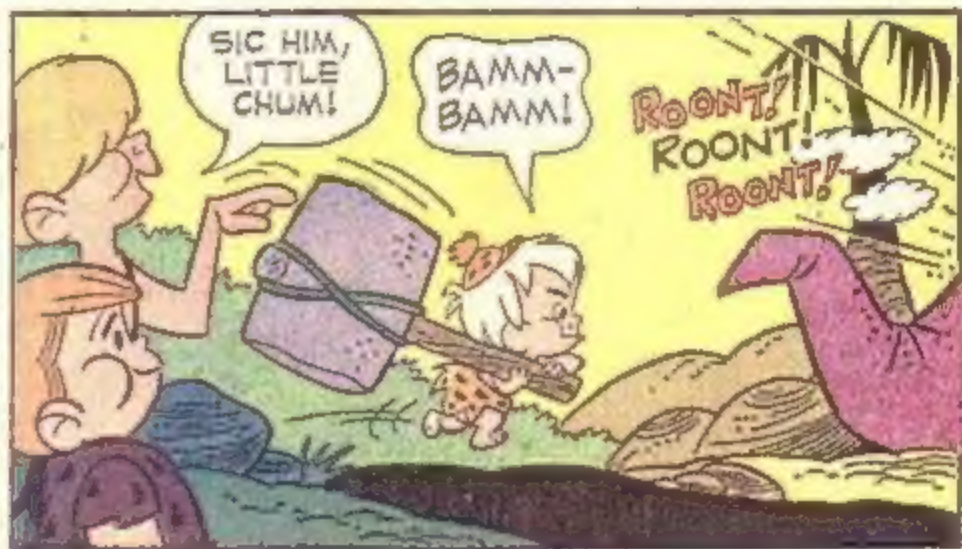














WHY NOT LET **SCIENCE**  
TAKE OVER WHERE CRUDE  
FORCE HAS FAILED,  
FELLAS?

IZZY  
EINSTONE!

I HAVE AN  
AUTOMATIC  
MACHINE  
THAT WILL  
SAVE THE  
DAY!

BEHOLD... A MERE TUG OF  
THE CORD UNLEASHES A  
DEVASTATING DELUGE OF  
MISSILES CAPABLE OF  
PROSTRATING THE MOST  
BEASTLY OF BEASTS!

ROONT!

THUD!  
BONK!

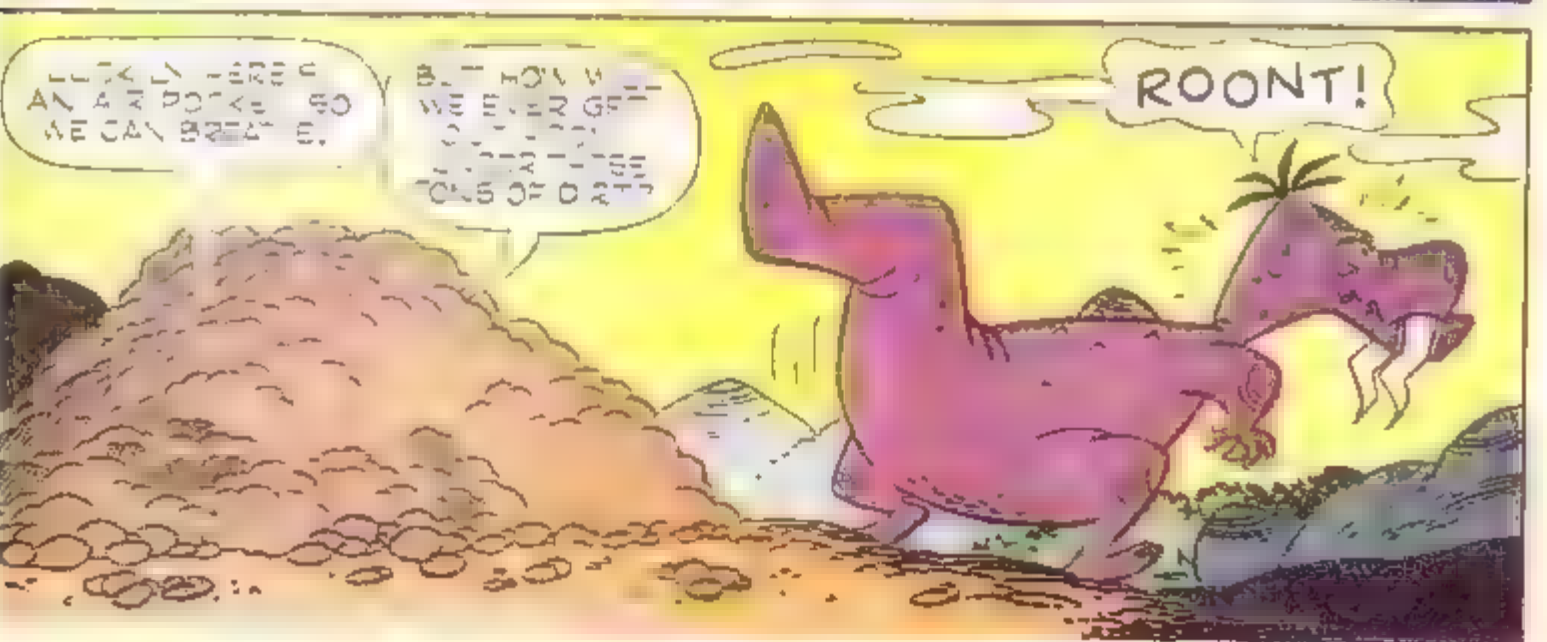
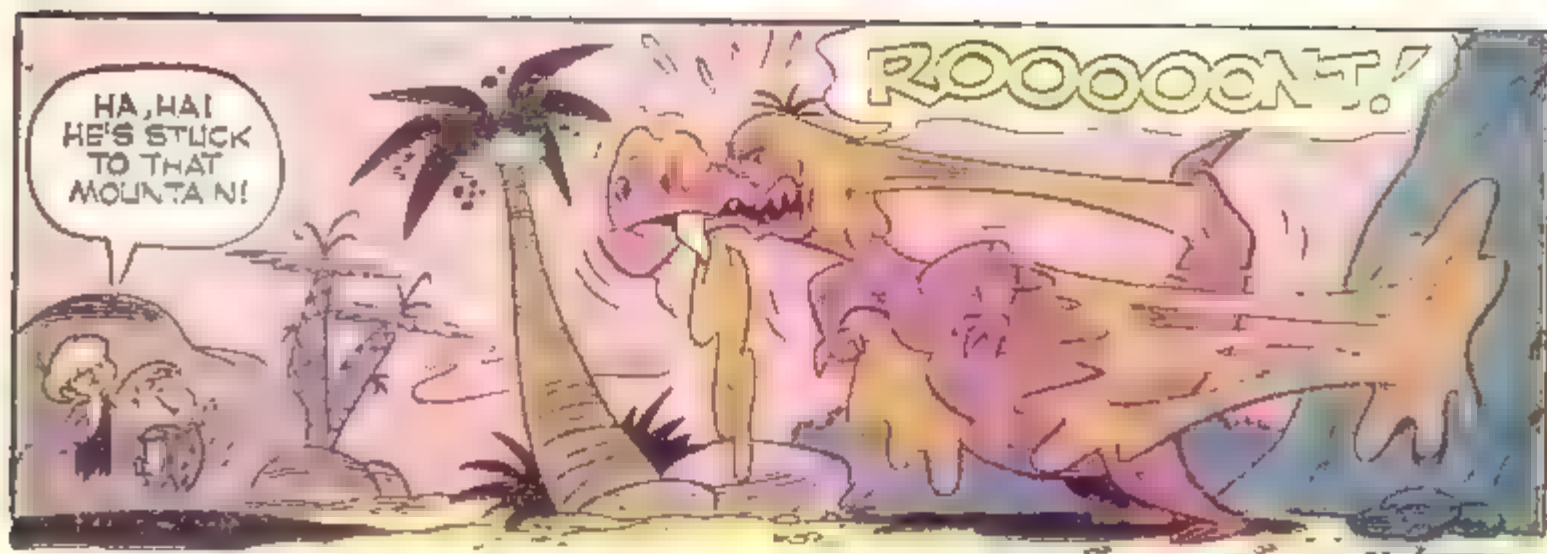
YEAH, BUT THE  
TYRANT-A-SAURUS  
IS PRETTY HARD-  
HEADED!

INDEED! WELL, LET'S  
SEE HIM COPE WITH  
**THIS!**...

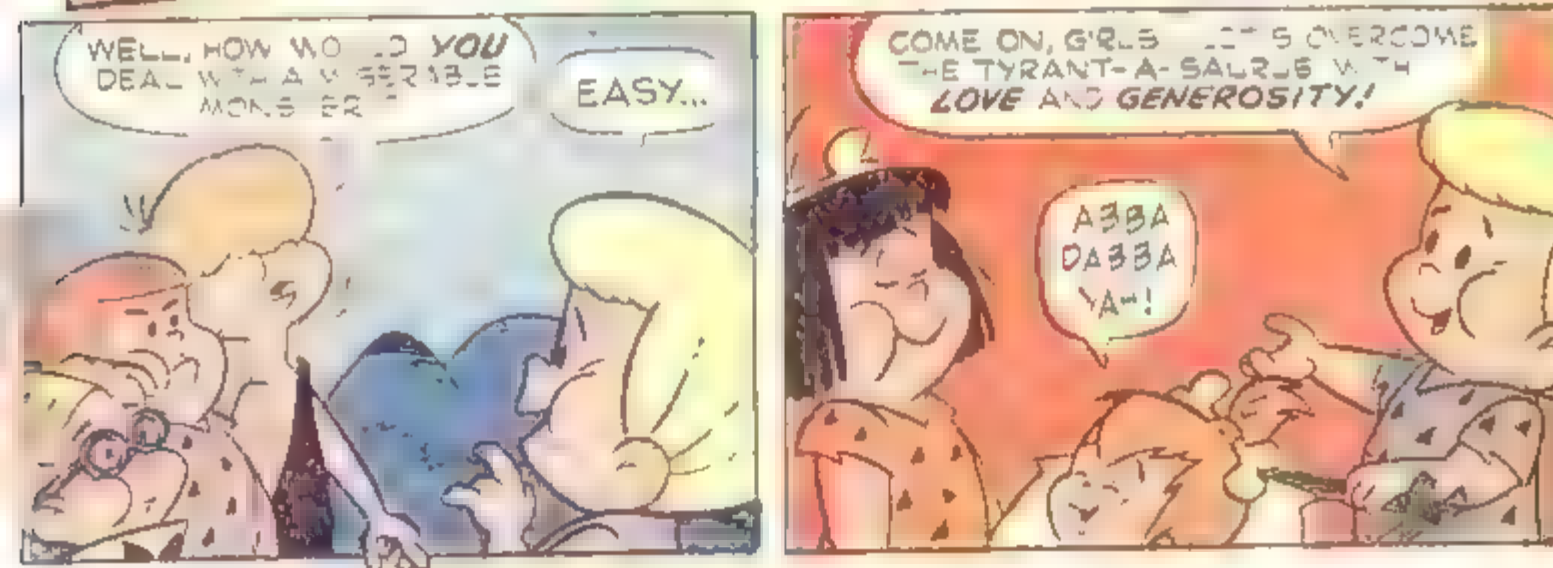
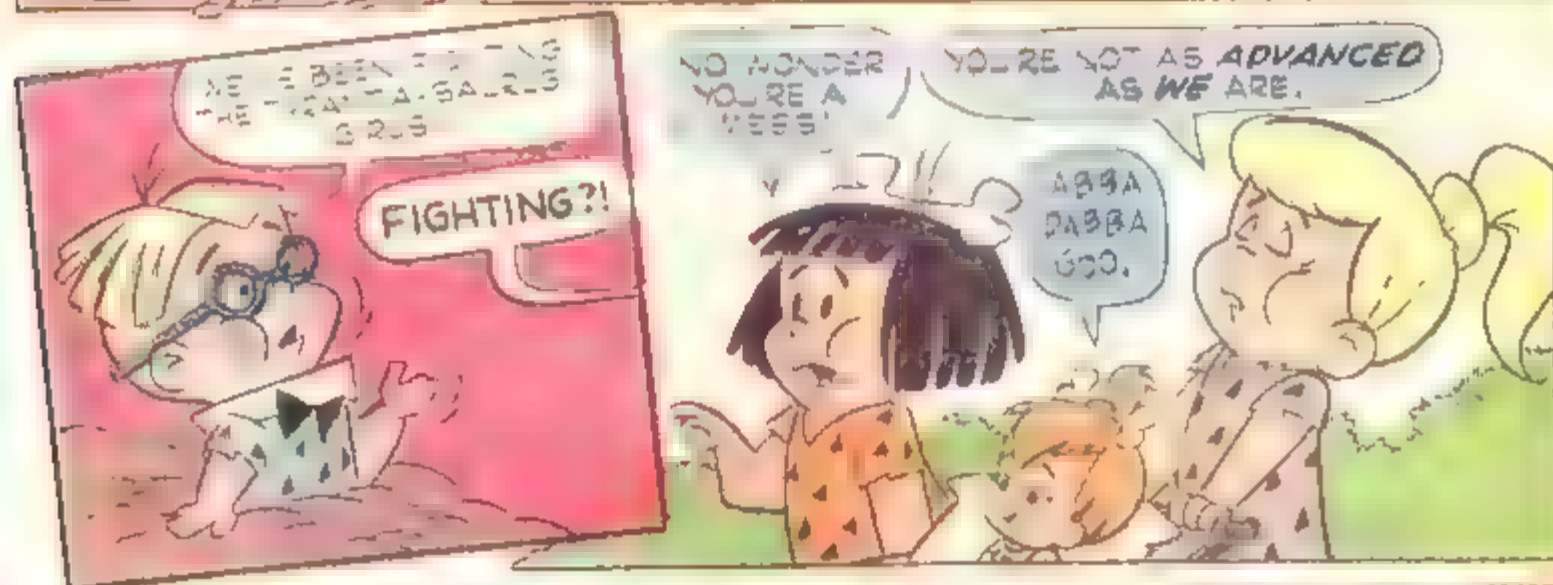
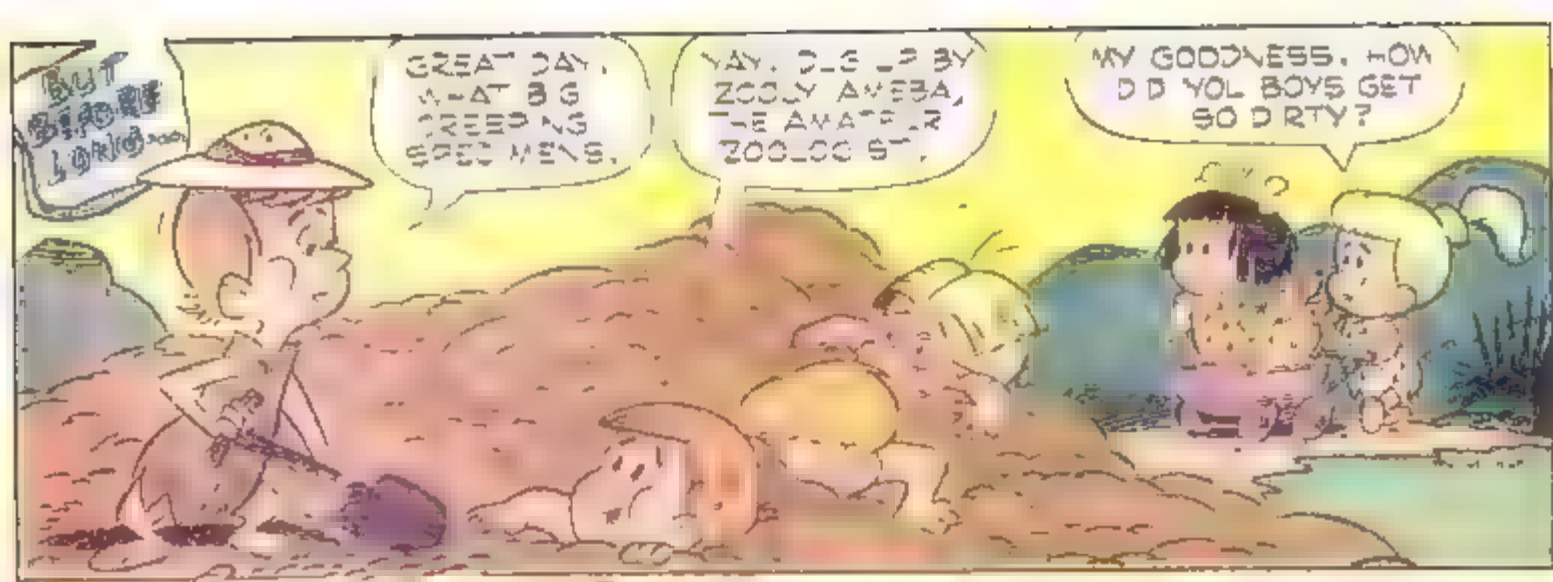
... A TUB FULL OF  
**LIQUID RUBBER**  
WILL SURELY  
HOPELESSLY  
ENSNARE HIM!

**SPLITCH!**

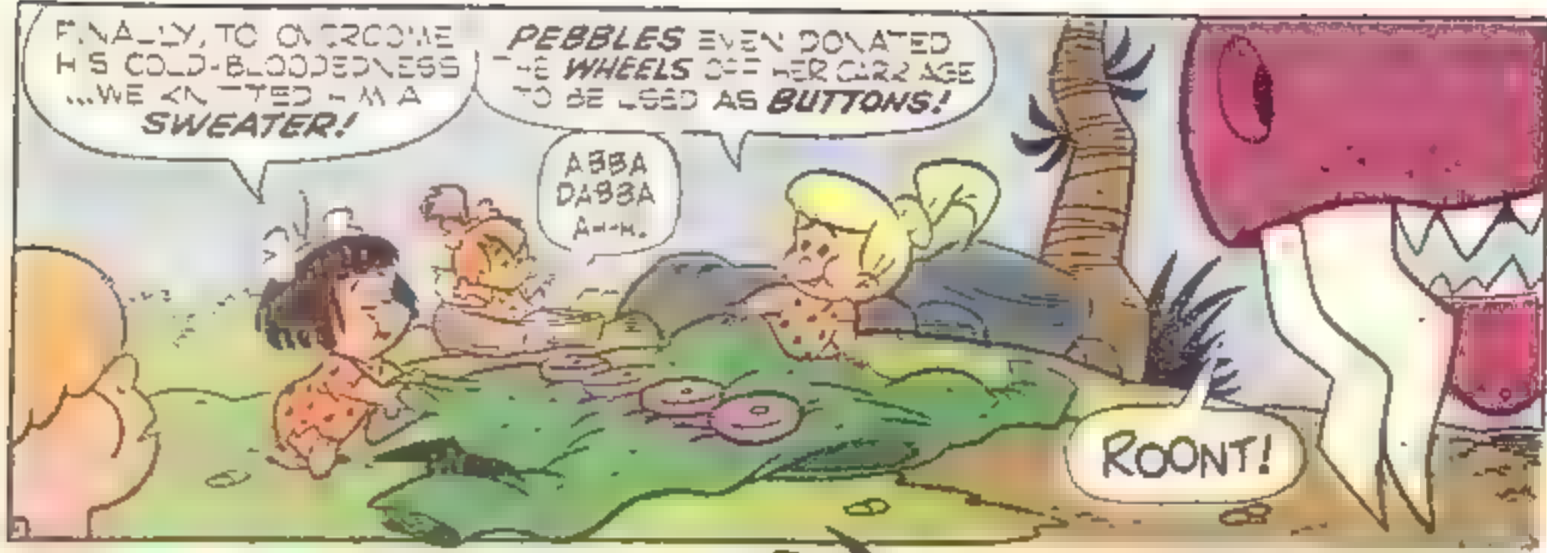










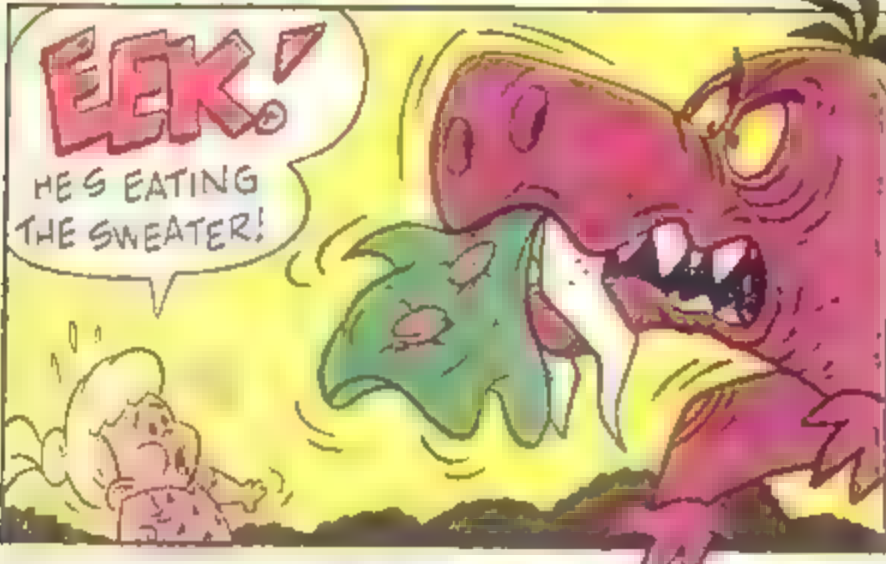


FINALLY, TO OVERCOME  
HIS COLD-BLOODEDNESS  
...WE KNITTED HIM A  
**SWEATER!**

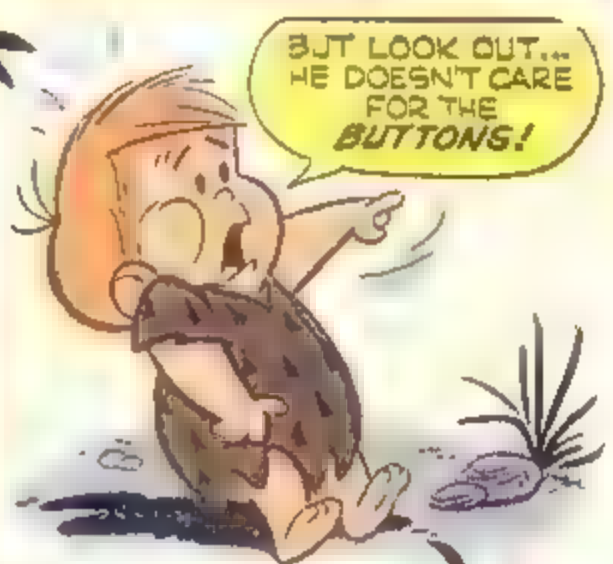
PEBBLES EVEN DONATED  
THE **WHEELS** OFF HER CARRIAGE  
TO BE USED AS **BUTTONS!**

ABBA  
DABBA  
A-M.

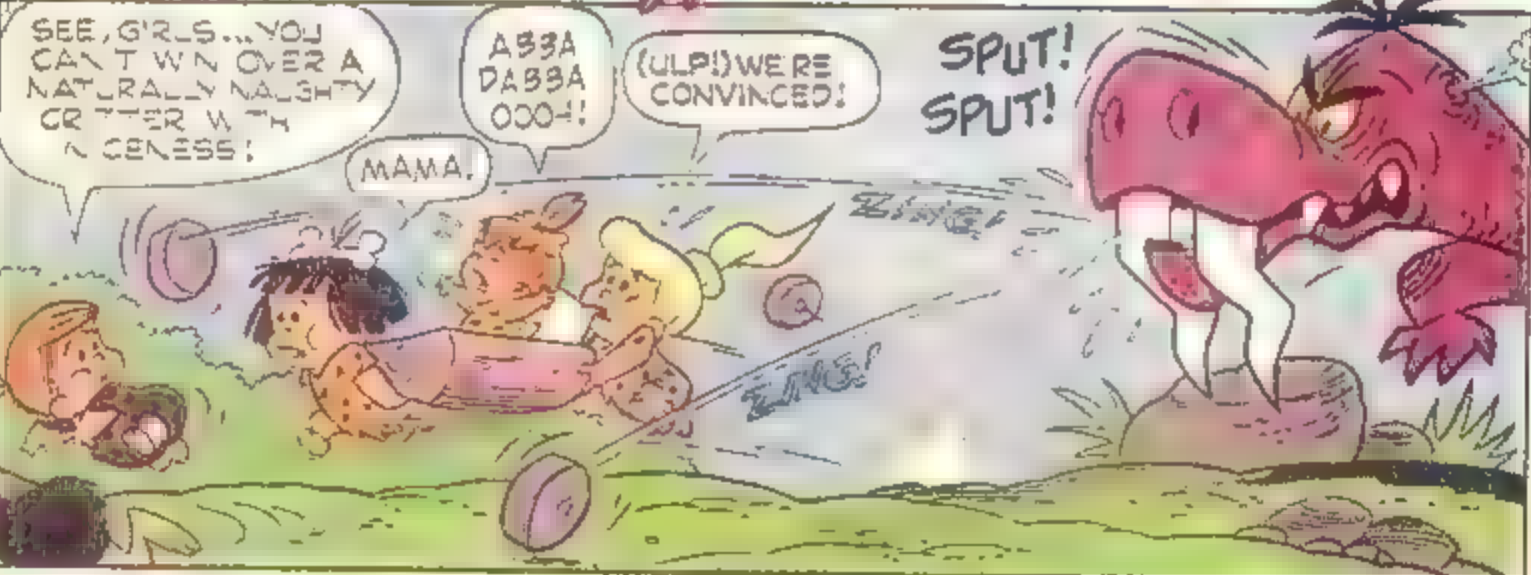
ROONT!



**EEK!**  
HE'S EATING  
THE SWEATER!



BUT LOOK OUT...  
HE DOESN'T CARE  
FOR THE  
**BUTTONS!**



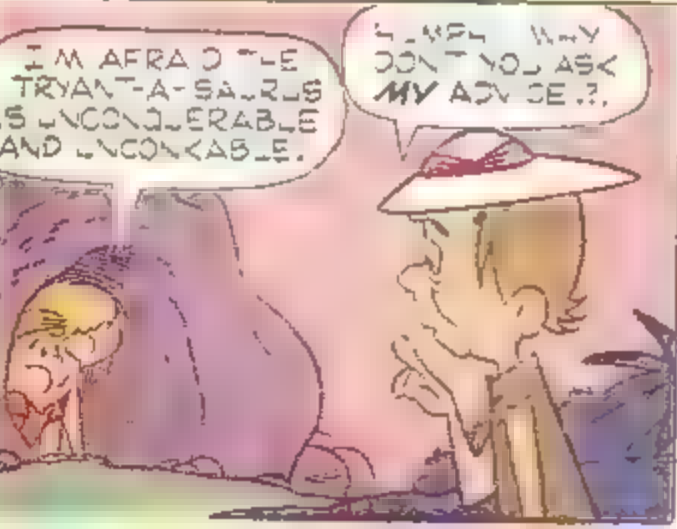
SEE, GIRLS... YOU  
CAN'T WIN OVER A  
NATURALLY NAUGHTY  
CREATURE WITH  
A GENESS!

ABBA  
DABBA  
OOOH!

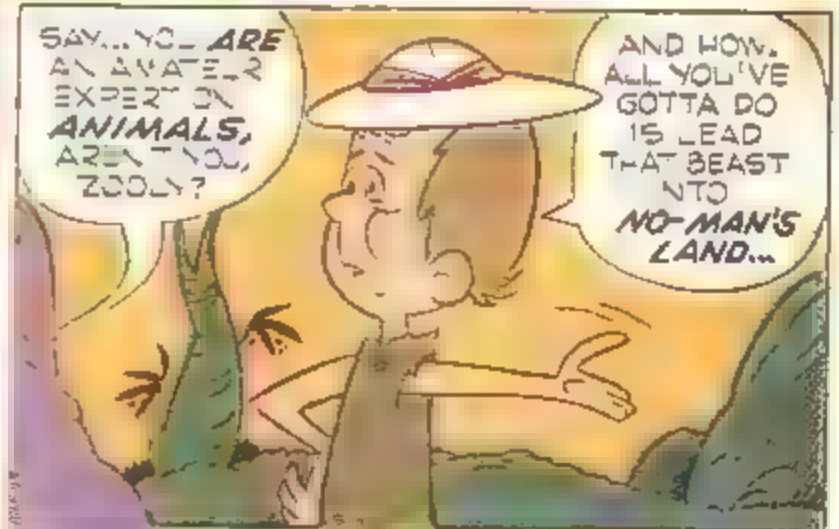
(ULP!) WE'RE  
CONVINCED!

SPUT!  
SPUT!

MAMA!



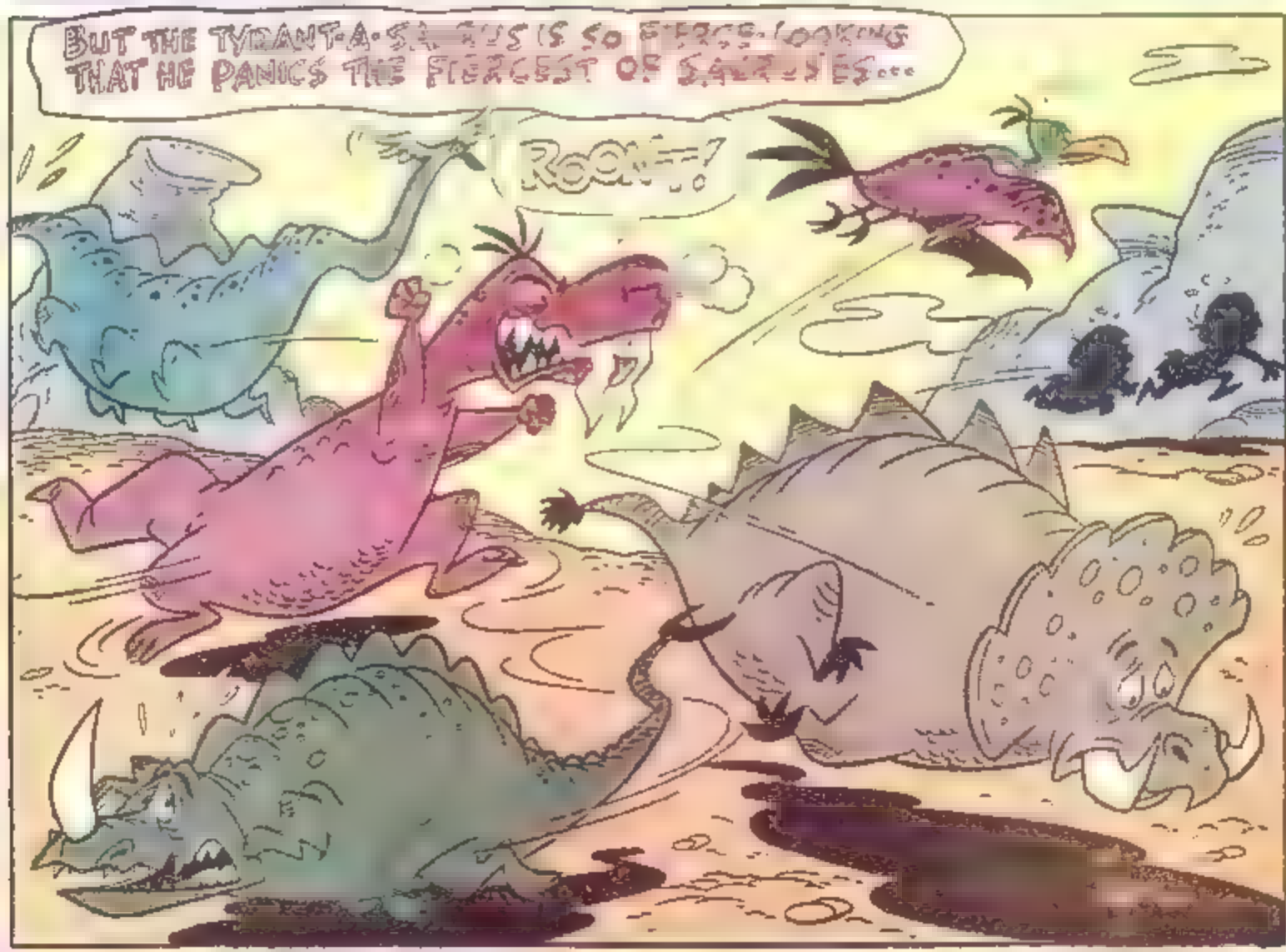
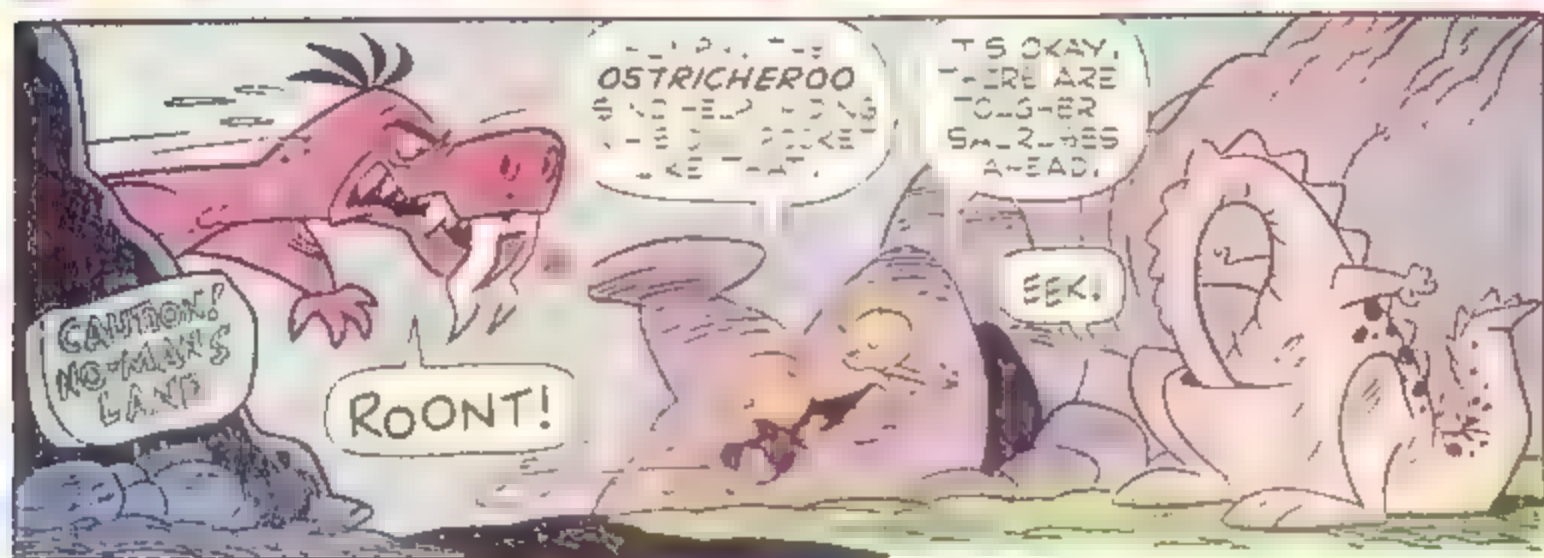
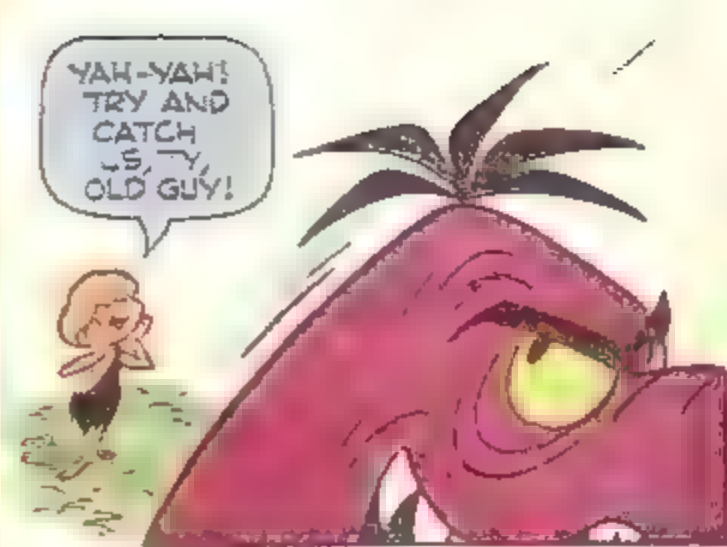
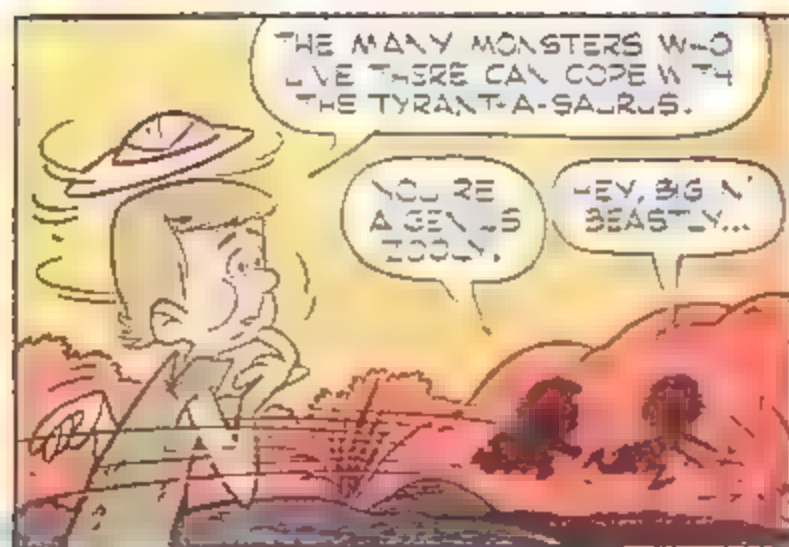
WELL, WHY  
DON'T YOU ASK  
MY ADVICE?



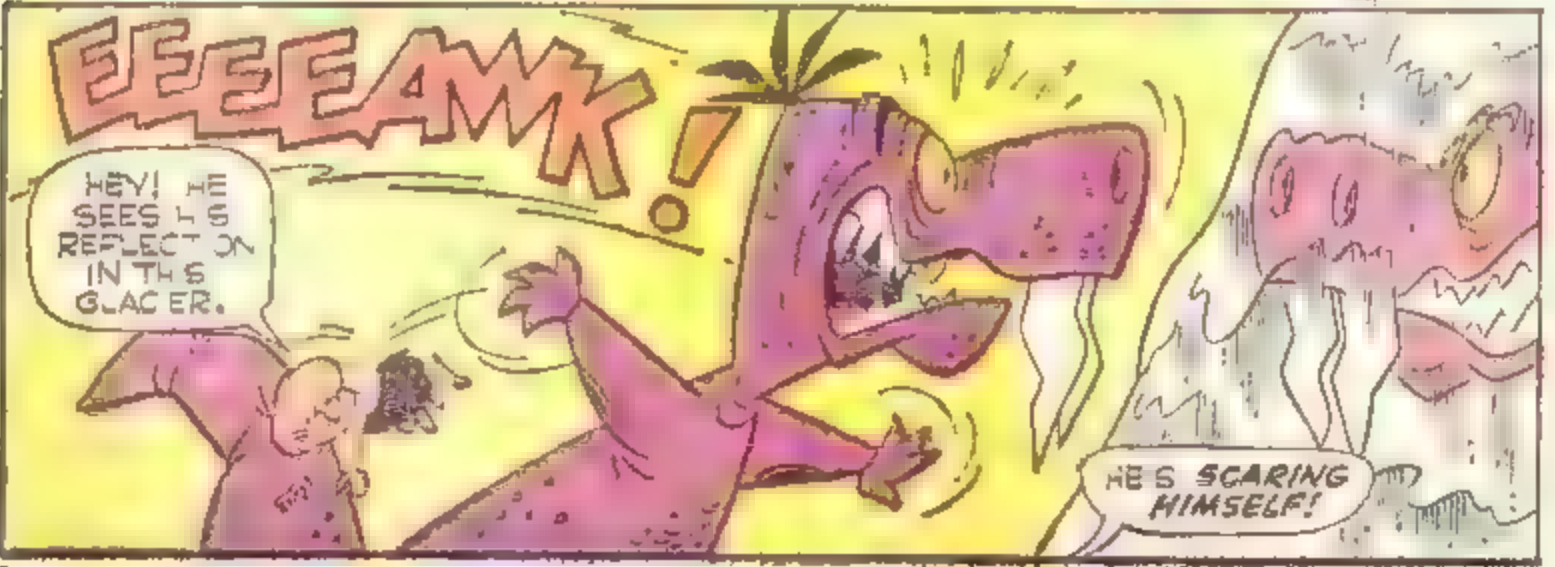
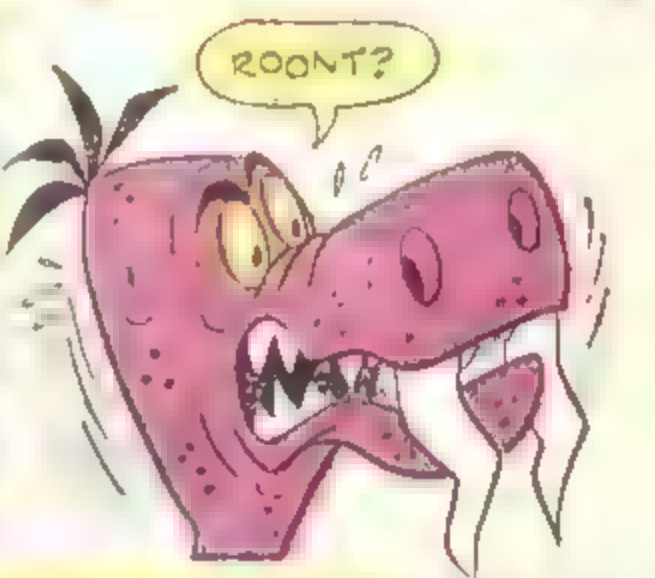
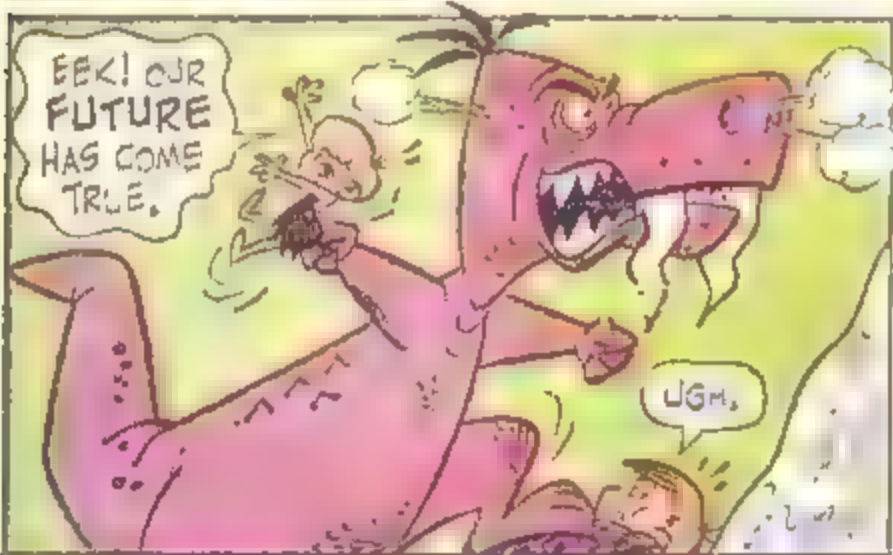
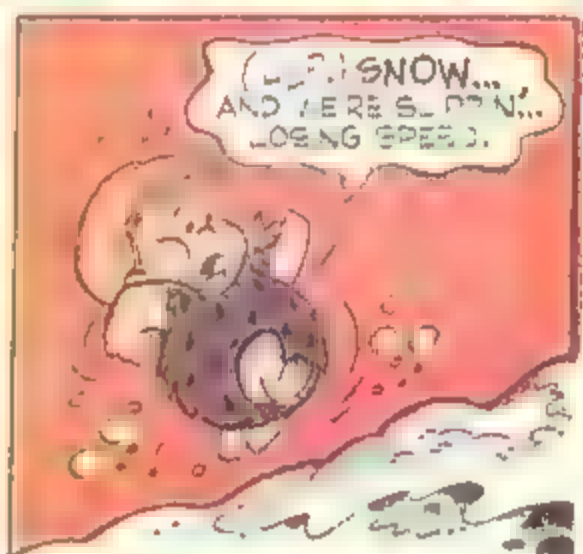
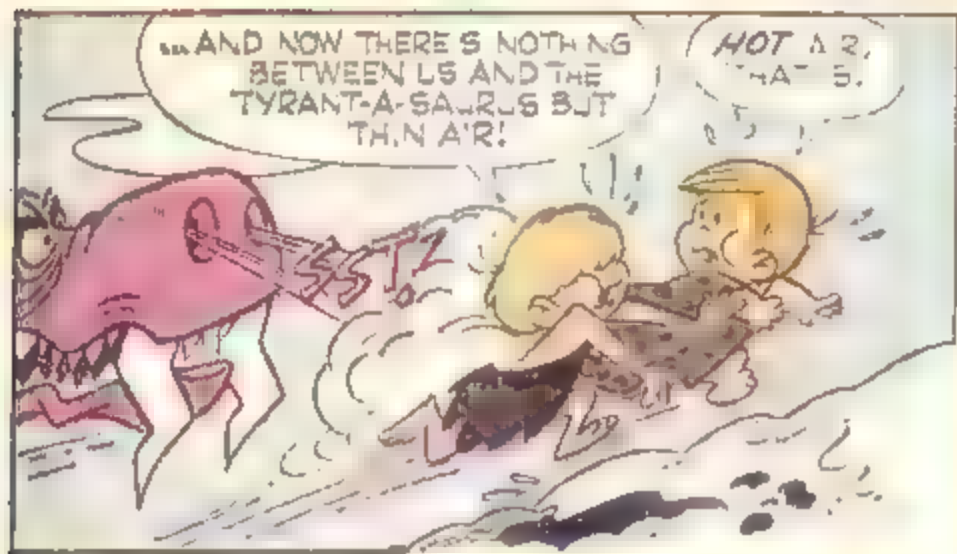
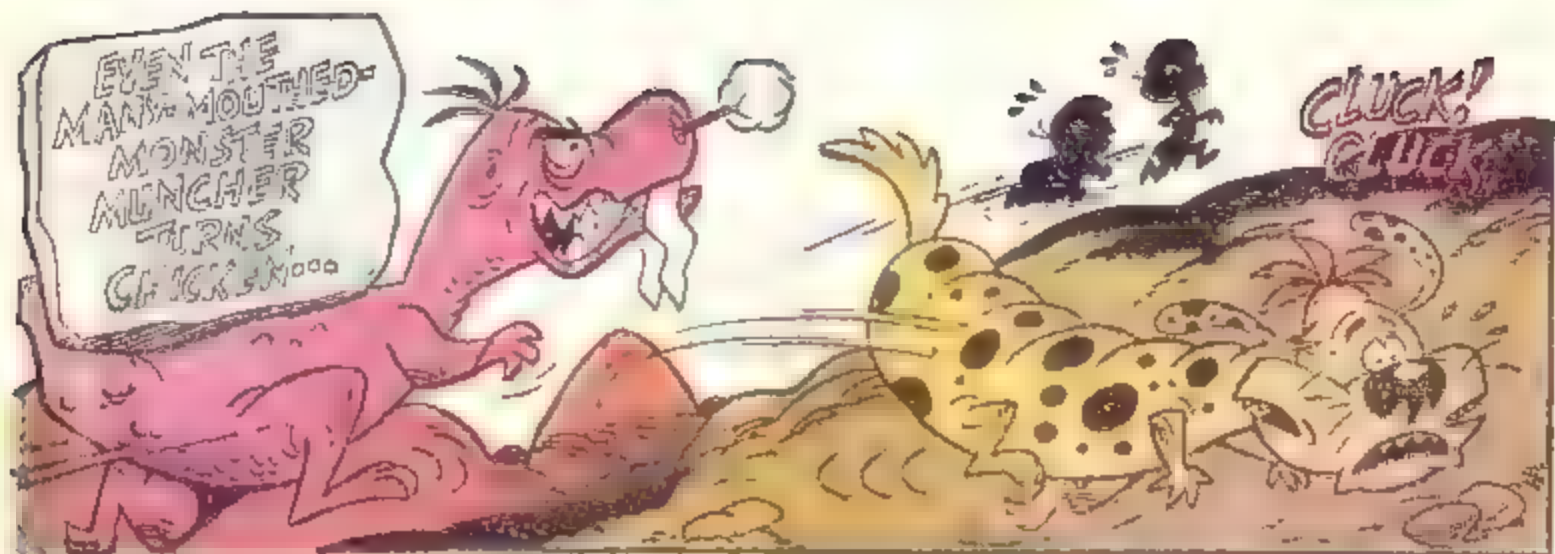
SAY... YOU ARE  
AN AVATAR  
EXPERT ON  
**ANIMALS,**  
AREN'T YOU,  
ZOOLO?

AND HOW.  
ALL YOU'VE  
GOTTA DO  
IS LEAD  
THAT BEAST  
INTO  
**NO-MAN'S  
LAND...**

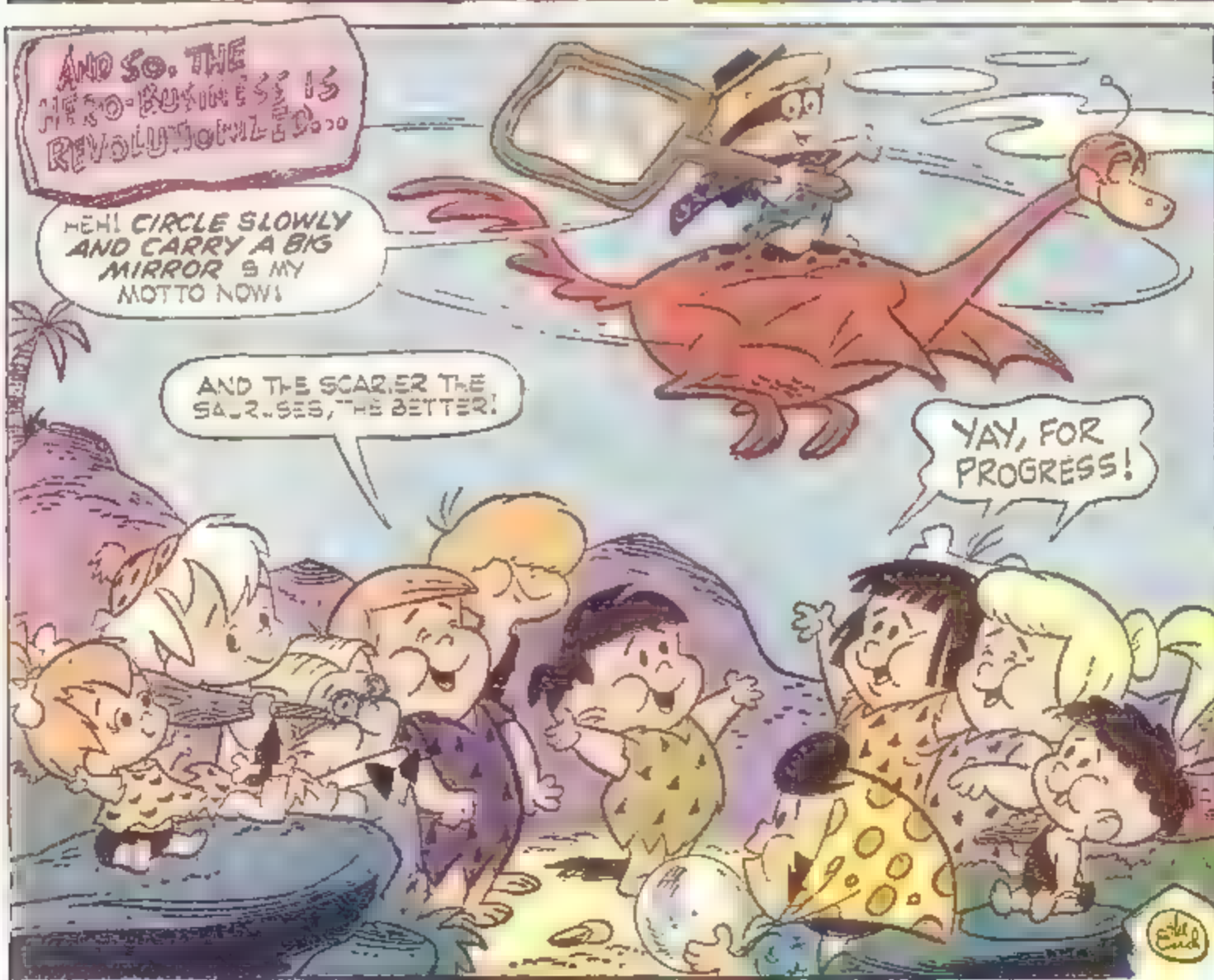
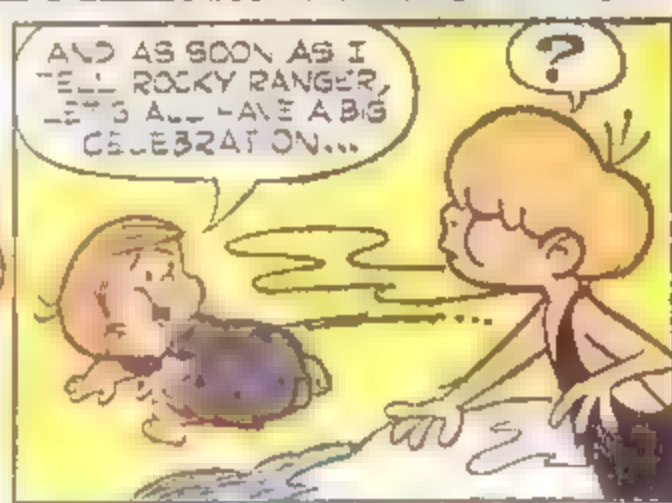
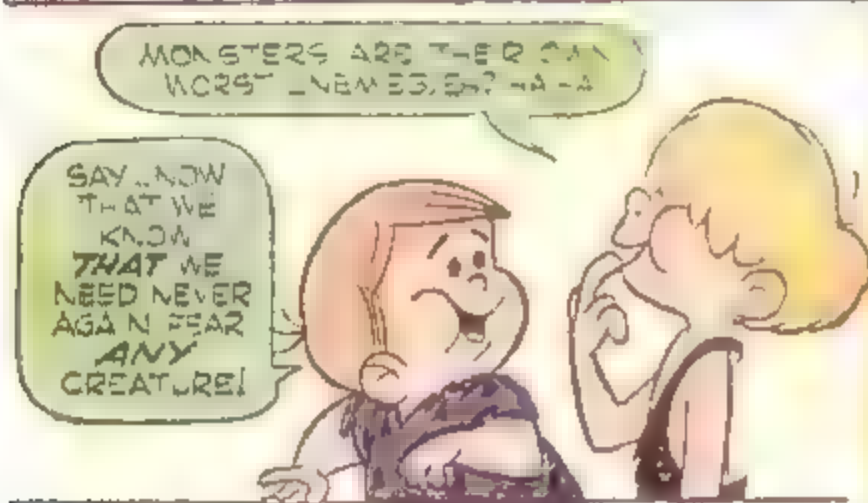
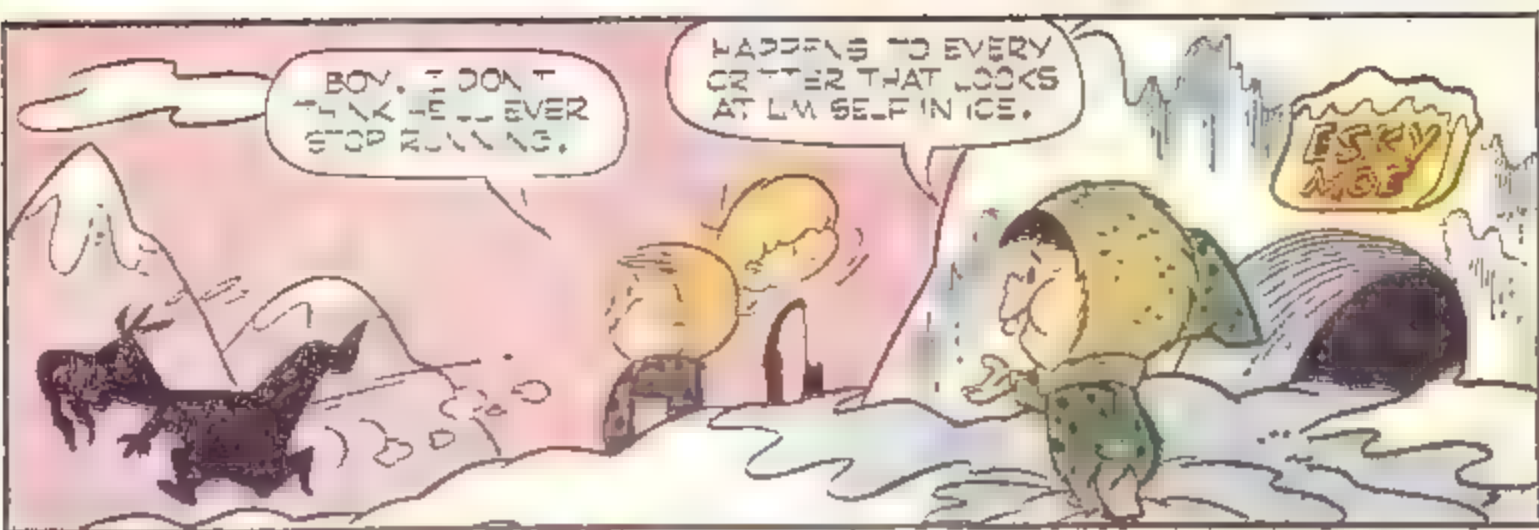














# INTERPLANETARY INVADER



"So this is what my son Augie is reading!" said Doggie Daddy, as he picked up a book from the table. It was titled *Clyde Cosmic—Space Age*, and on the cover was a picture of fearless Clyde menaced by a frightful fire-breathing creature.

"Ho ho!" chuckled Daddy. "I wonder if my imaginative offspring really believes this stuff!"

He was about to put the book down when suddenly he heard a shout behind him.

"Don't move a muscle, Dear Dad! You are in dire danger!" yelled Augie.

"Huh?" said Dear Dad, whirling around.

Augie was standing in the doorway, a toy popgun in his hand. At that moment he pulled the trigger, and a cork flew out, hitting Doggie Daddy right on the nose!

"Ouch!" cried Doggie Daddy.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Dear Father!" cried Augie. "I meant to hit that fire-breathing monster that was going to carry you off to Mars or someplace."

"What . . . ?" began Dad, then caught himself. "Oh, yeah, THAT monster! If you hadn't come along and scared him off, I'd sure be on my way to Mars or someplace! Thanks a lot, my dear courageous son!"

"That's all right, Precious Pafer!" said Augie, as he ran outside. "Now I have to go

and fight off some more interplanetary invaders who want to take over Earth."

"Heh heh!" chuckled Doggie Daddy. "What an imagination that son of mine has!"

He looked out of the window. Augie was in the back yard huddled in a barrel, with an old pot on his head.

"Prepare for landing!" he shouted. "Activate reverse thrust rockets!" and then, to some imaginary person at his side, he said, "I hope the creatures on this planet are friendly, Clyde, but keep your superfrazzle ray gun at the ready!"

Then Doggie Daddy got an idea. "I think I will have a little fun with my imaginative young son."

He got an old lamp shade and painted a big green eye on it. Then he put it on his head and wrapped a blanket around himself and he sneaked out through the back door.

Augie was busy in his barrel, fighting off imaginary creatures with his popgun.

"Zap! Got you!" he cried. "That'll teach you space monsters to tangle with us brave Earthlings."

Dad thought this was a good time, so he crept around the corner of the house on all fours and let out a wild screech.

"Earthlings, go home!" he shrieked, "or be destroyed!"

Augie swung around, his eyes wide with astonishment. "Go back, you monster!" he cried. "Or I'll ZAP you, too!"

Augie pulled the trigger of the popgun but nothing happened. Then he frantically threw away the useless weapon and grabbed a stick. Whap! Crack! Augie yielded a vicious blow right on his father's lampshade!

"Like I said," yelled Augie, "that'll teach you space monsters to tangle with us Earthlings! Now leave! Scram!"

Poor, beat Doggie Daddy made a hasty retreat into the house, leaving the field to his triumphant son.

Moments later, Augie came running into the house. "Dad! Dear Dad!" he shouted. "I just clobbered a real, live space monster! I really did! And it wasn't an imaginary monster, either!"

"I believe you, strong armed son of mine," replied Doggie Daddy, rubbing his head. Then he said to himself, "I only wish this bump on my head was imaginary!"



Hanna-Barbera

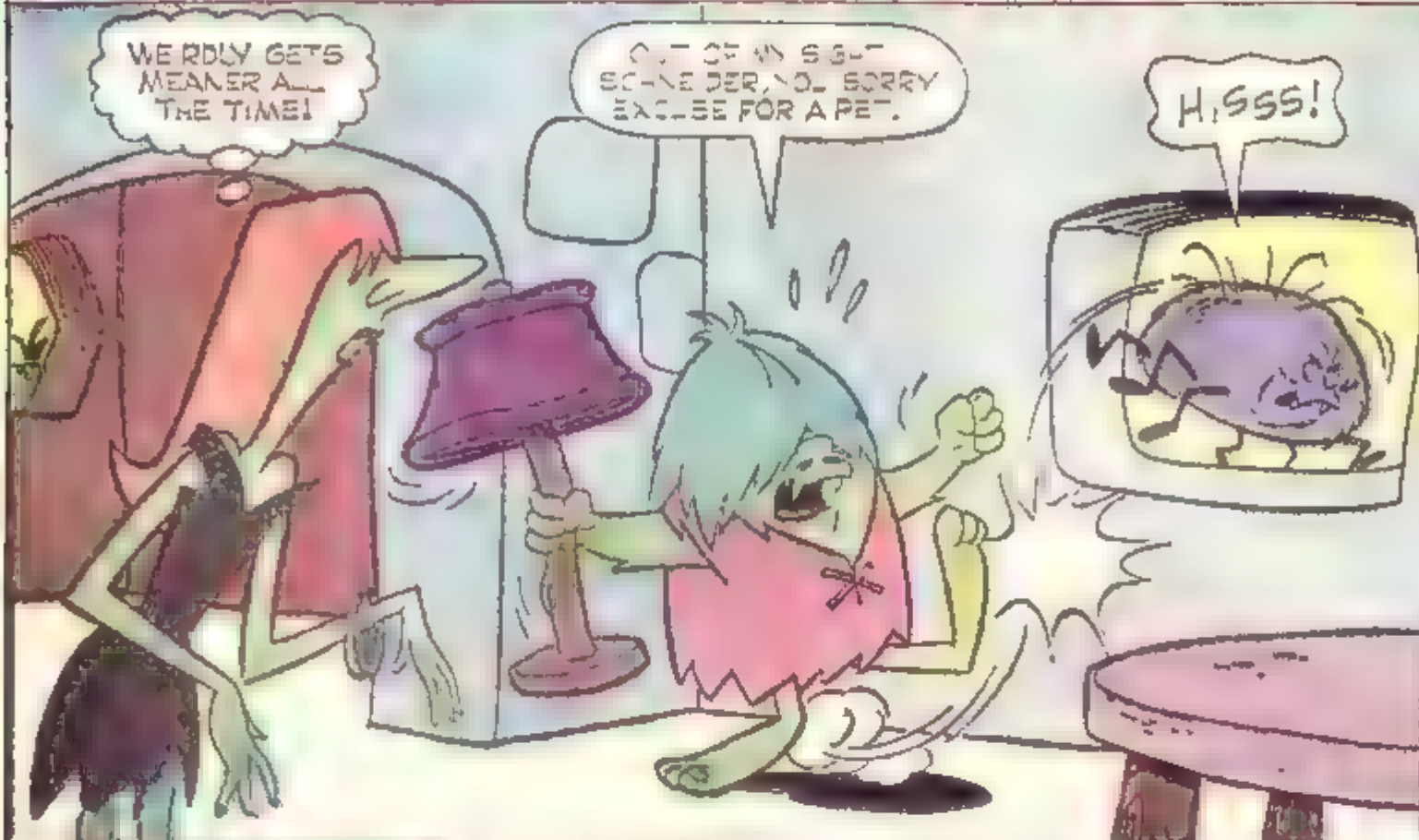
THE GRUESOMES

# HOME, HORRID HOME

WE RDLY GETS  
MEANER ALL  
THE TIME!

OUT OF MY SIGHT  
SCHE-DE-DEE, NO! SORRY  
EXCUSE FOR A PET.

HISS!



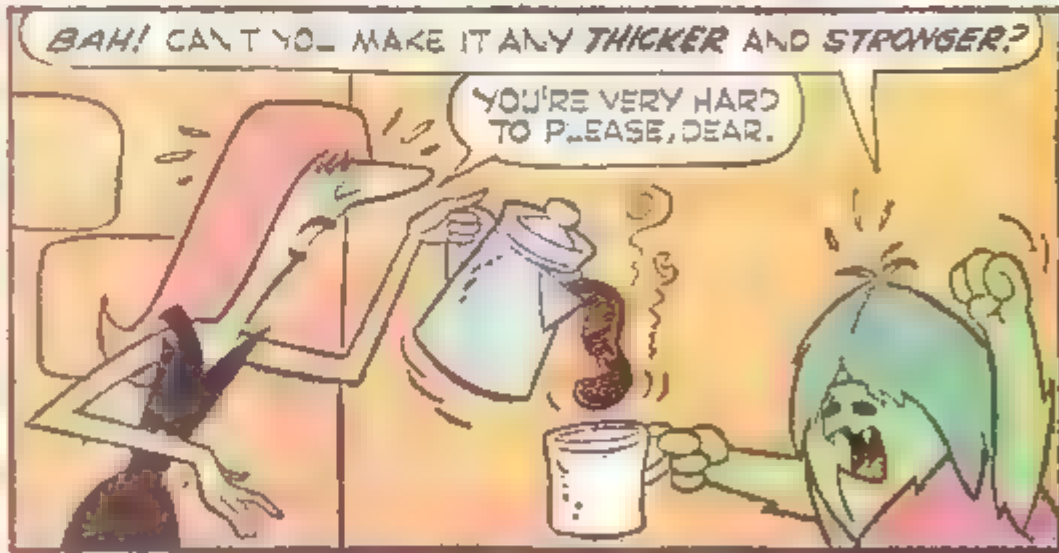
WHERE'S MY COFFEE,  
CREEPELLA?

COMING,  
DEAR!



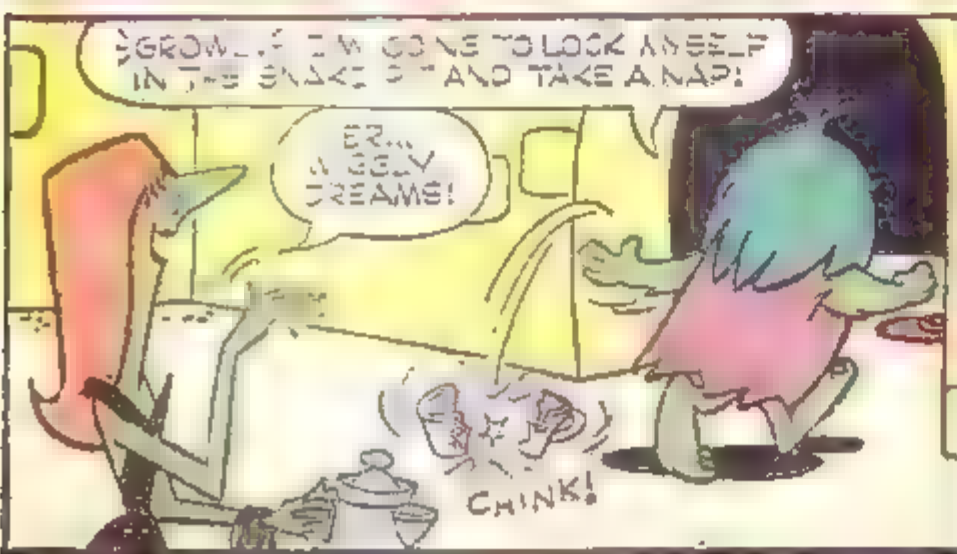
BAH! CAN'T YOU MAKE IT ANY THICKER AND STRONGER?

YOU'RE VERY HARD  
TO PLEASE, DEAR.

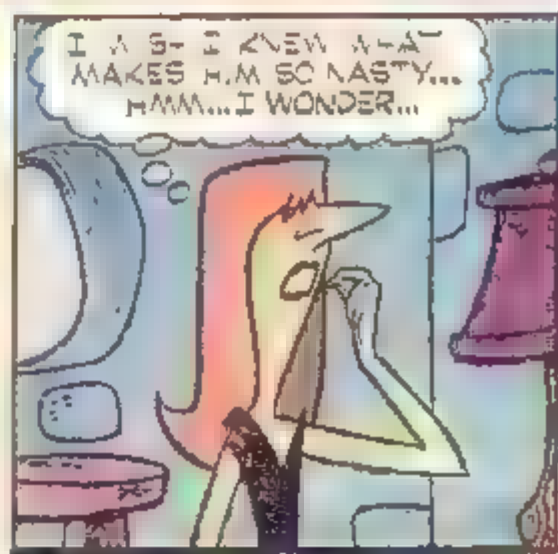


GROWL! I'VE GONE TO LOCK MYSELF  
IN THE SHED AND TAKE A NAP!

ERM...  
A GELLY  
DREAMS!

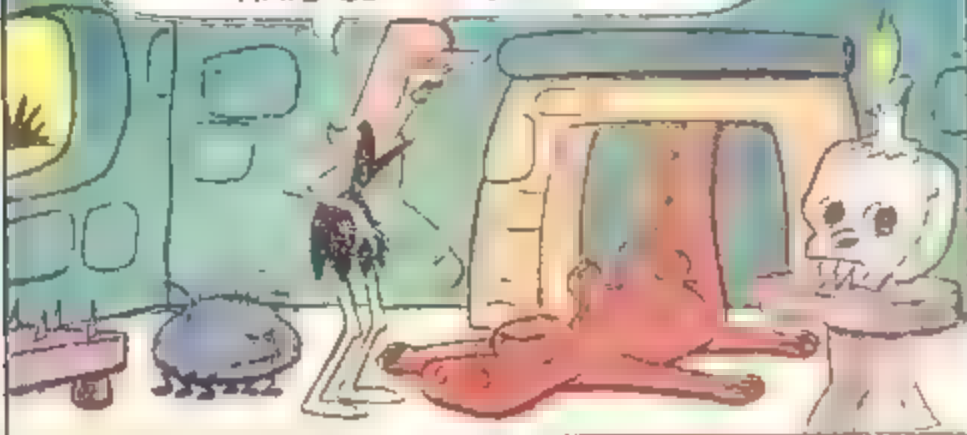


I A S- I KNEW A-A-  
MAKES HIM SO NASTY...  
HMM...I WONDER...





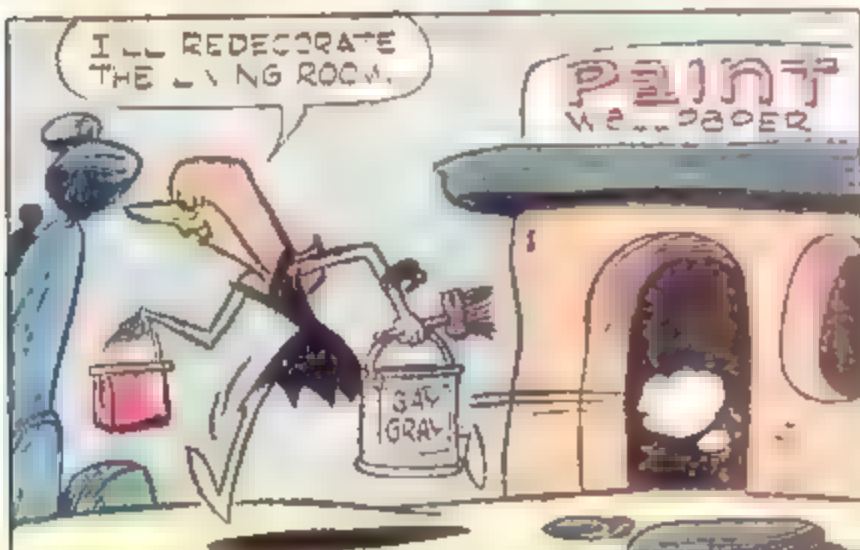
THE LIVING ROOM IS RAT-ER DRAB!  
COULD BE THE SORRY-S-ROUNDINGS  
HAVE GOT HIM DOWN!



WELL, I'LL FIX THAT  
IN A SWIFT JIFFY.



I'LL REDECORATE  
THE LIVING ROOM.

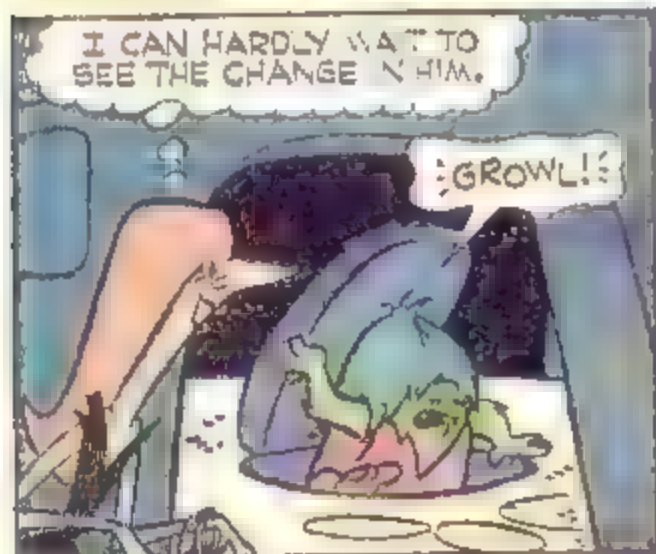


...AND THEREBY JOLLY-UP  
MY SOLE SWEETIE!



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO  
SEE THE CHANGE 'N HIM.

!GROWL!:



AND BEING A SORRY-TRAP FOR ME?

OH, MY.

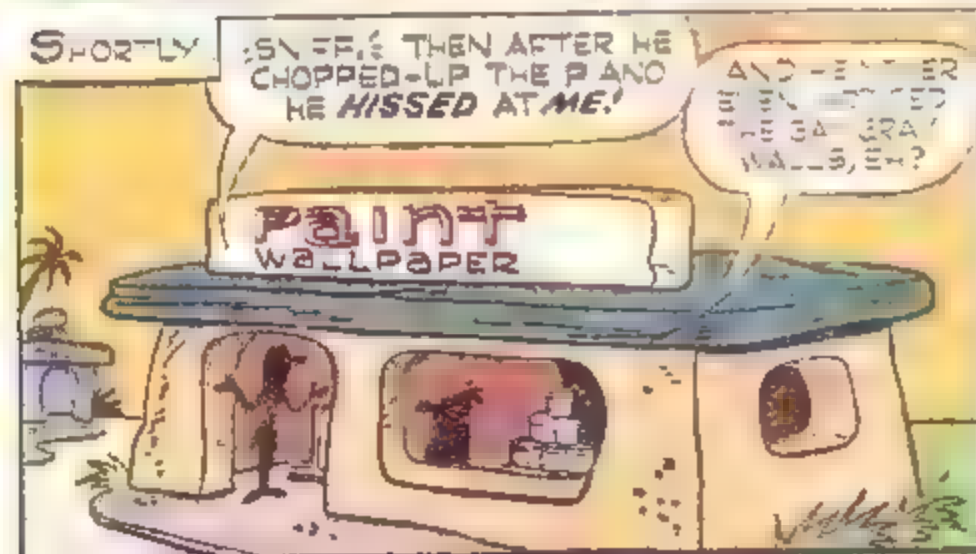


SHORTLY

!SNIFF! THEN AFTER HE  
CHOPPED-UP THE PIANO  
HE HISSED AT ME!

AND HEETER  
OF MY OWN  
MAGA GRAY  
WALLS, EH?

PAINT  
WALLPAPER

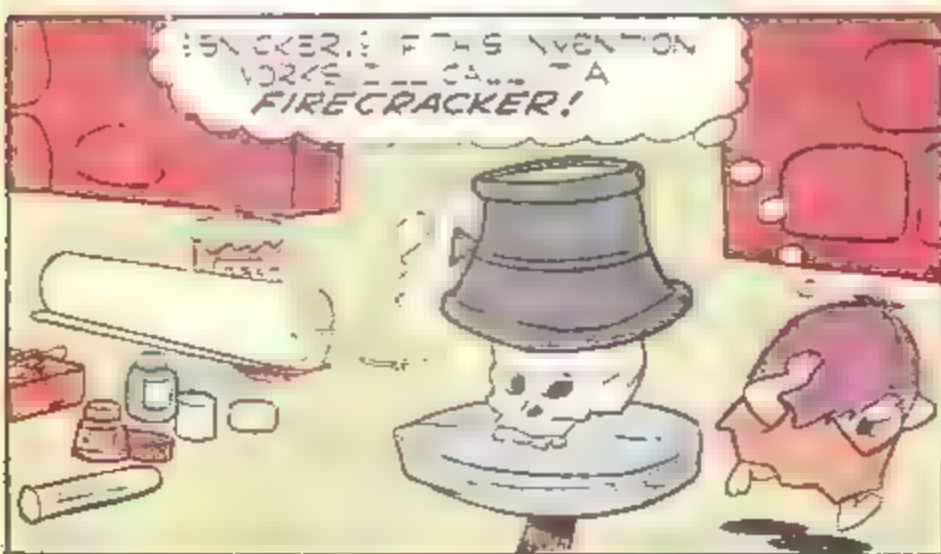
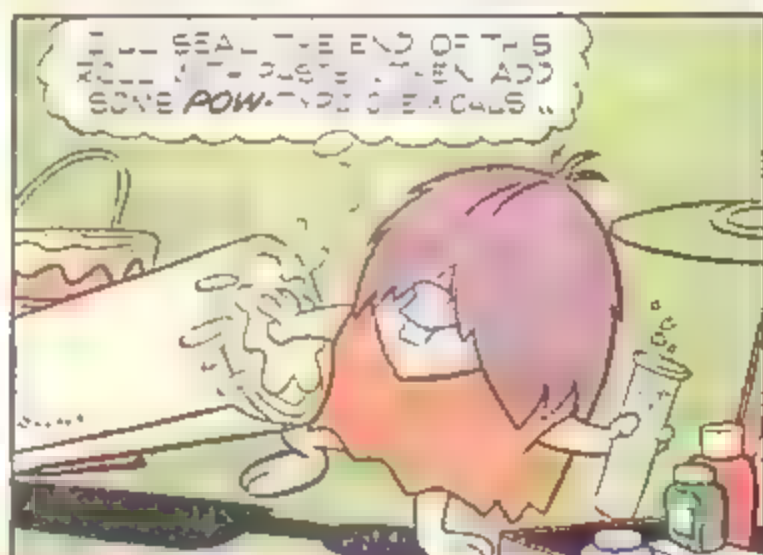
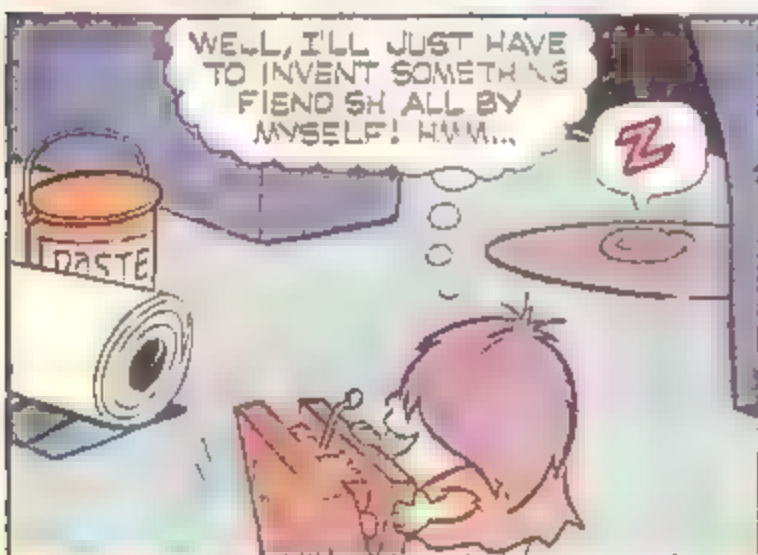
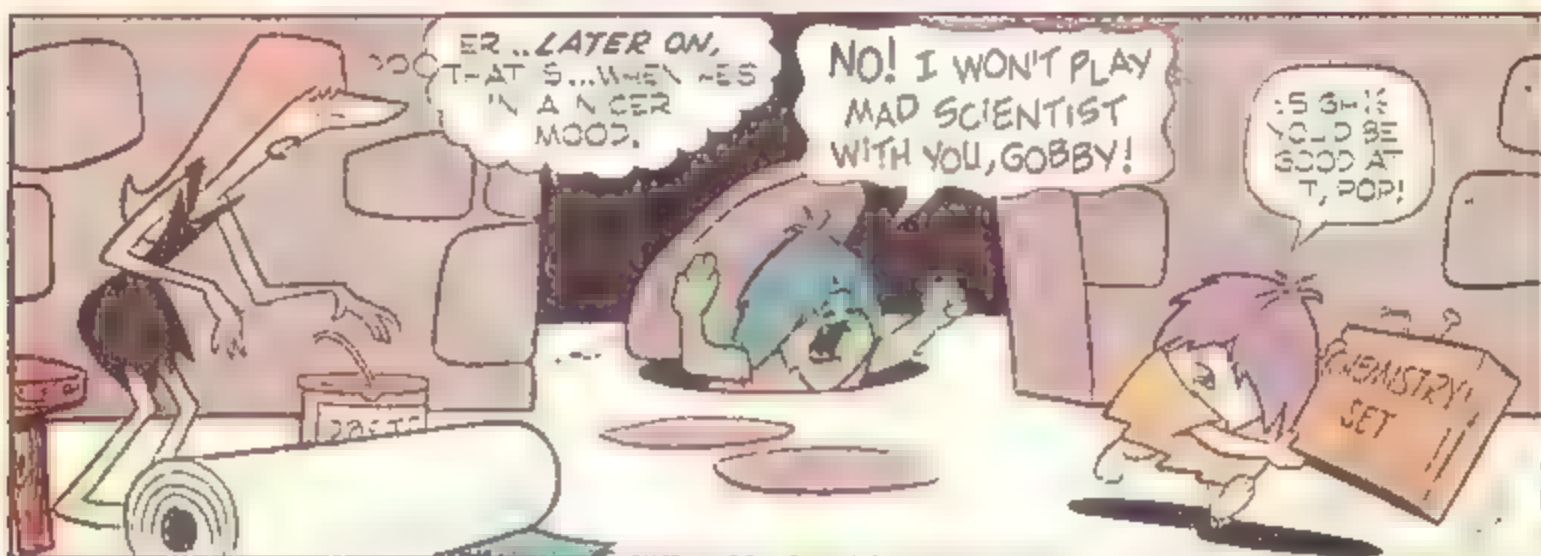
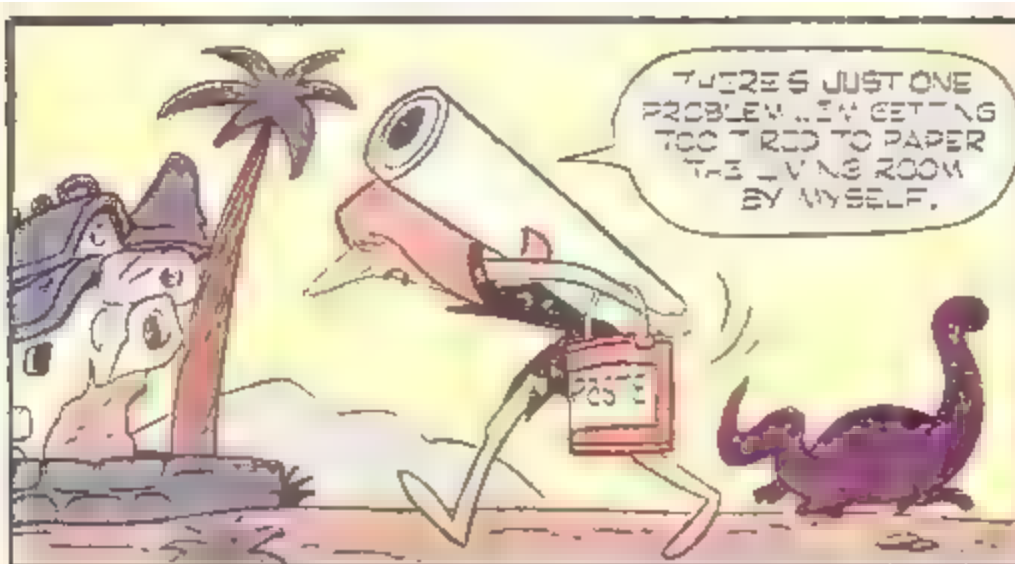


STRAPE ALL THE WAY  
VIOLET AND BLACK AND  
BLUE WALLS!

OH,  
LIVELY!









G-GOBBY.  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE?

RELAX, NOW... I WAS MERELY BEING *CREATIVE*!  
SEE? I CREATED *HAVOC* IN HERE.

OH, NO!

SEEK SHELTER - WE COULD DADDY  
UP FROM THE...

WHAT'S A  
"CRACKER"?

LET'S  
GO!

AND SO...

I PROWL  
OVER THE  
BOMBED-OUT  
EFFECT!

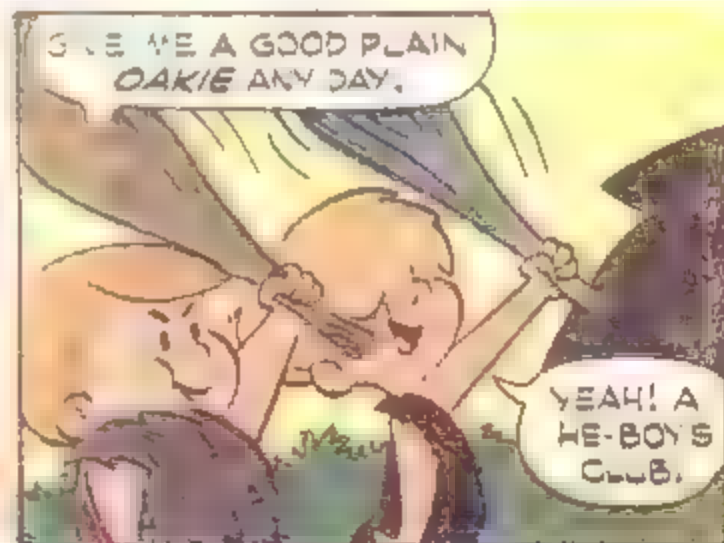
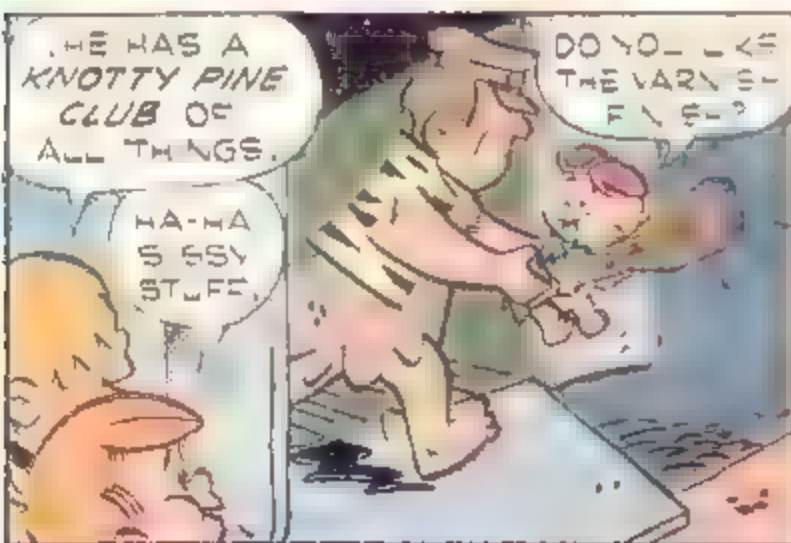
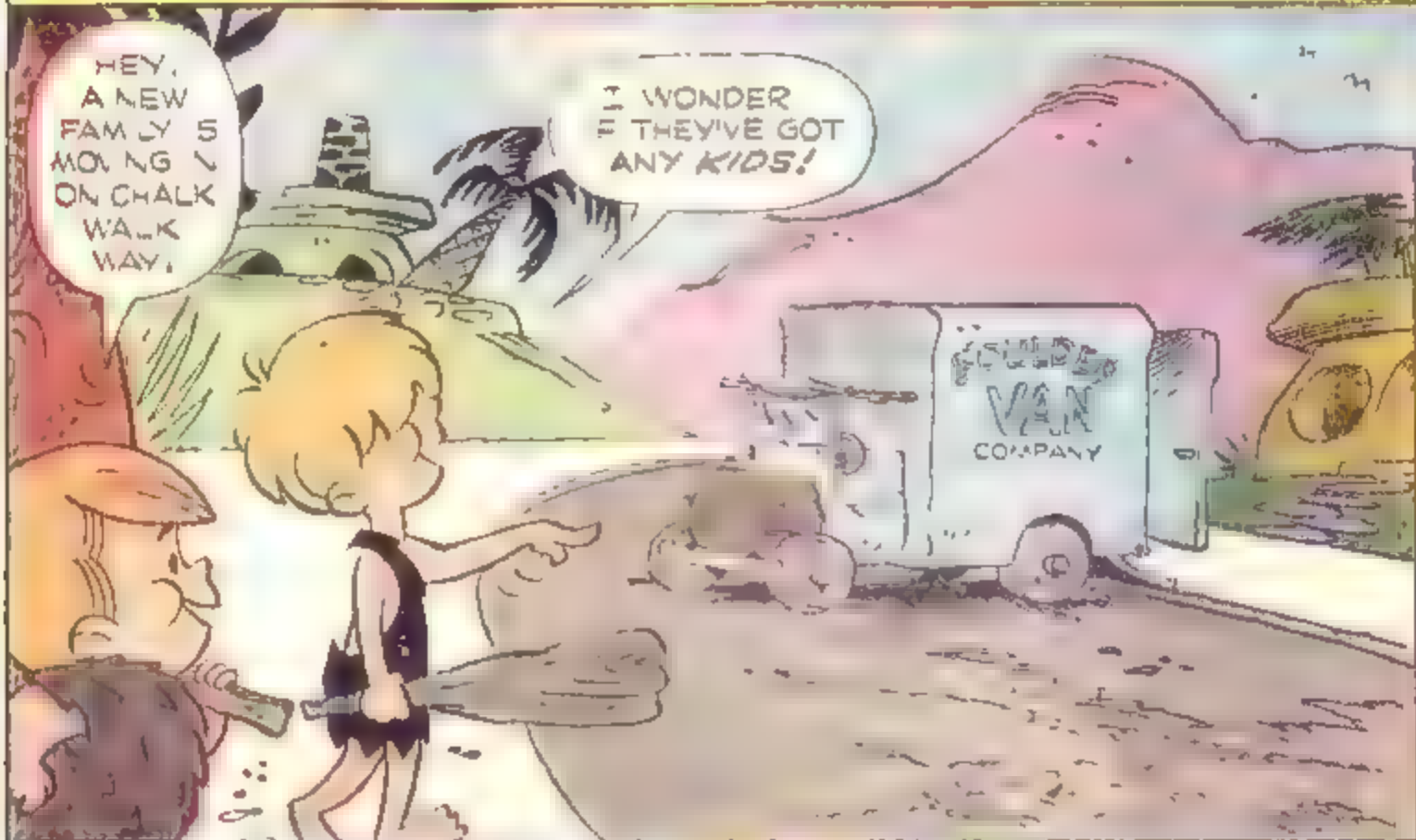
COULD THE REAL PROBLEM  
BE THE BOMBING?  
HORRID ENOUGH FOR ME.

I'M A  
CHILD GENIUS!  
EE-YAH-HA-HA!

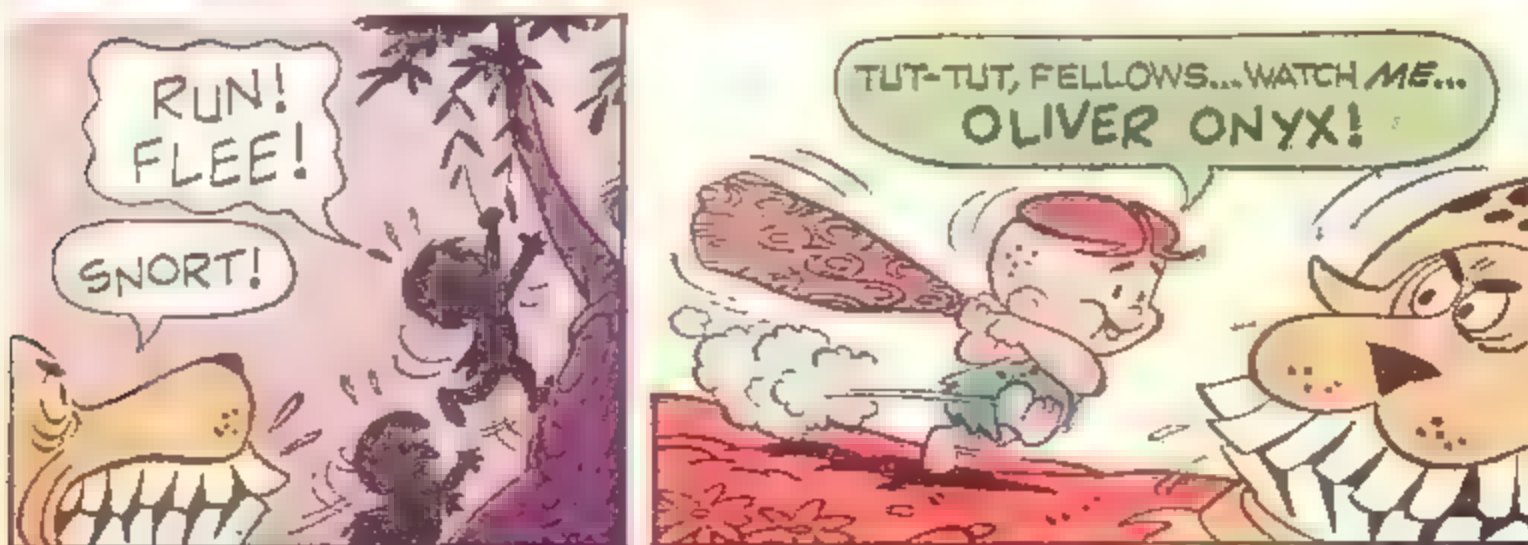
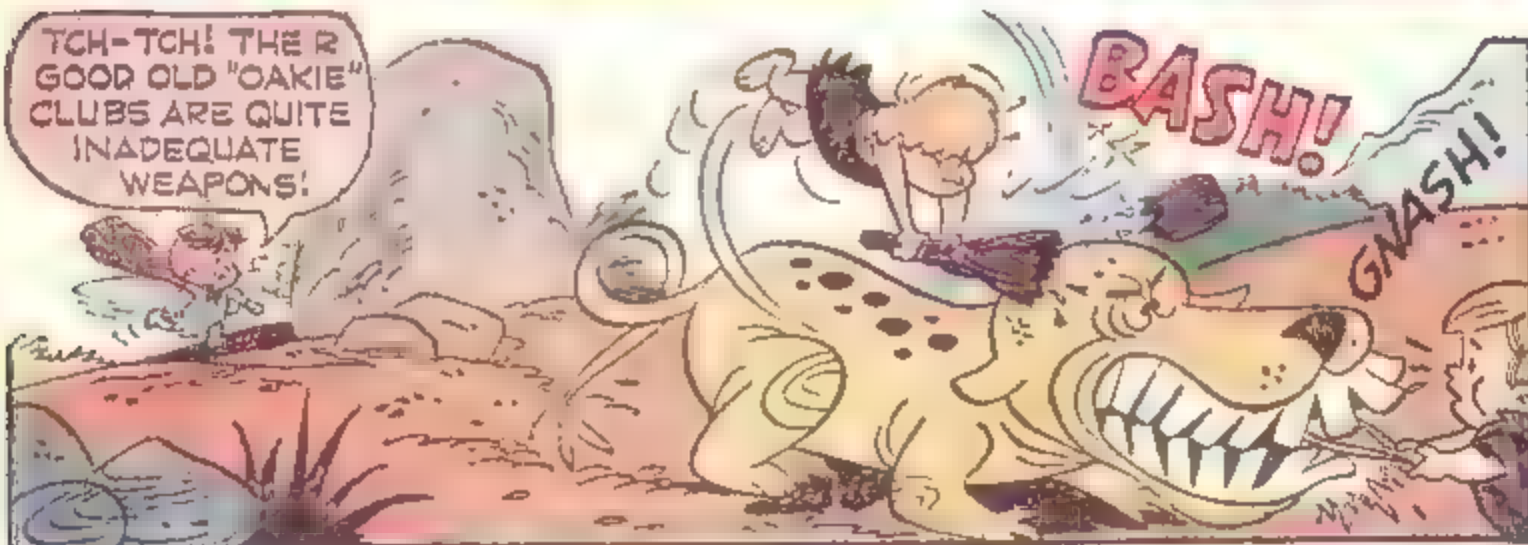
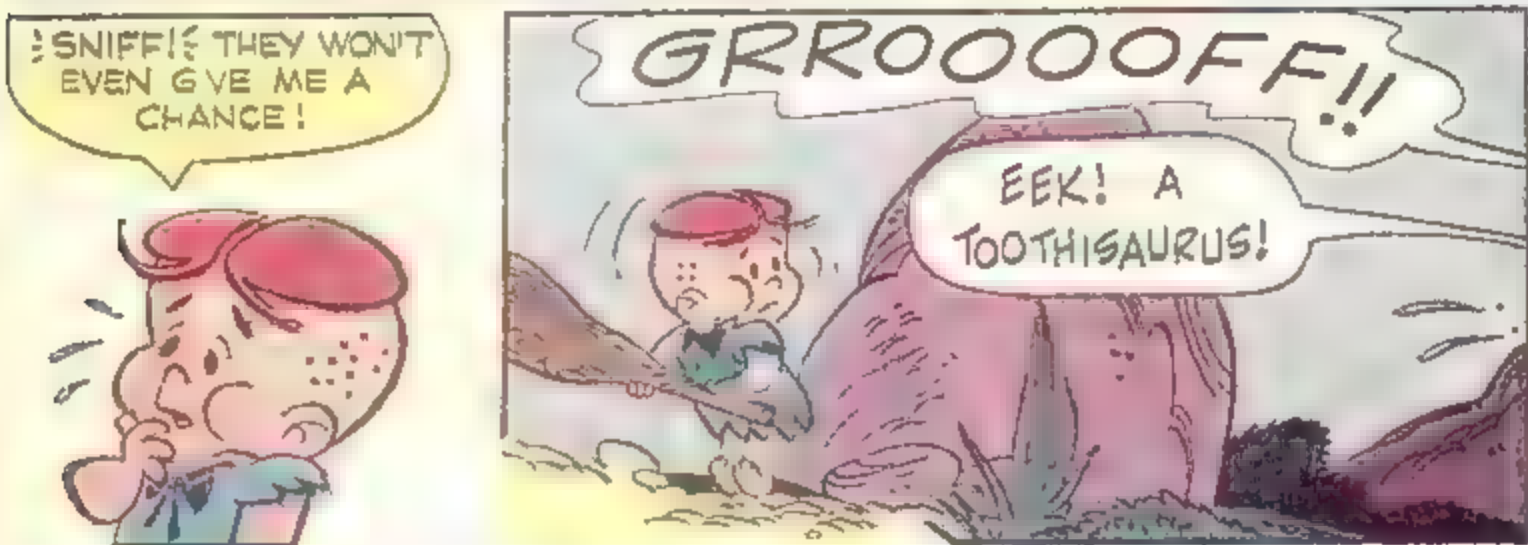
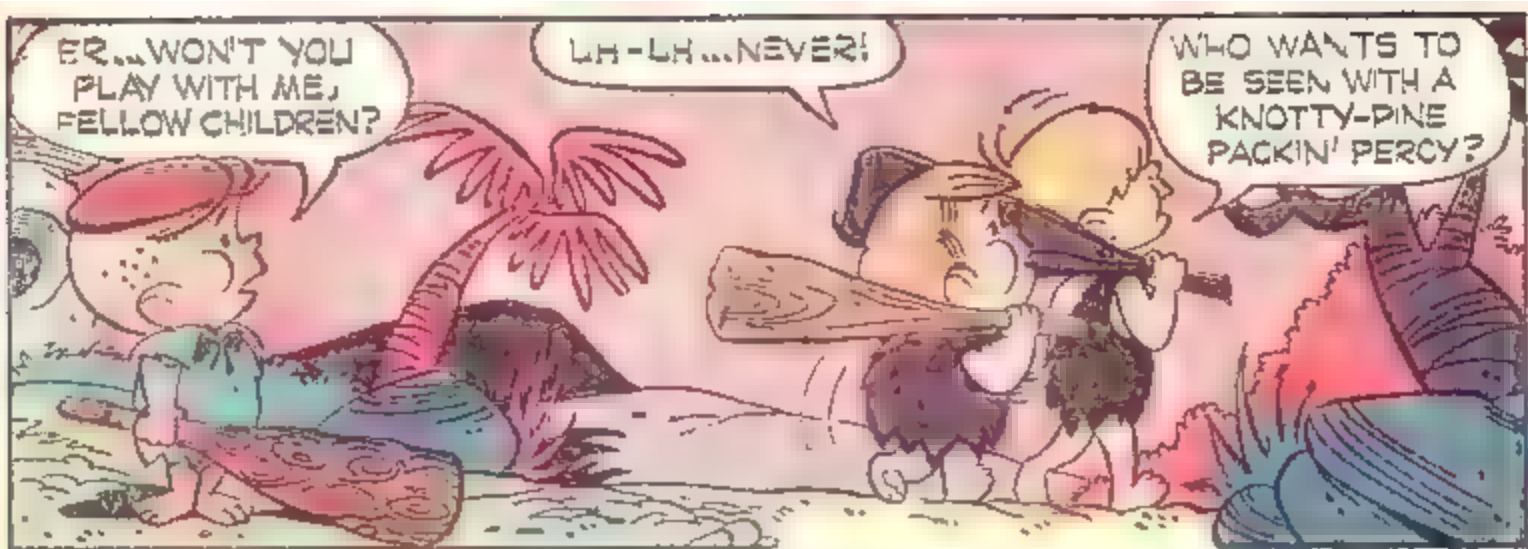


# CAVE KIDS

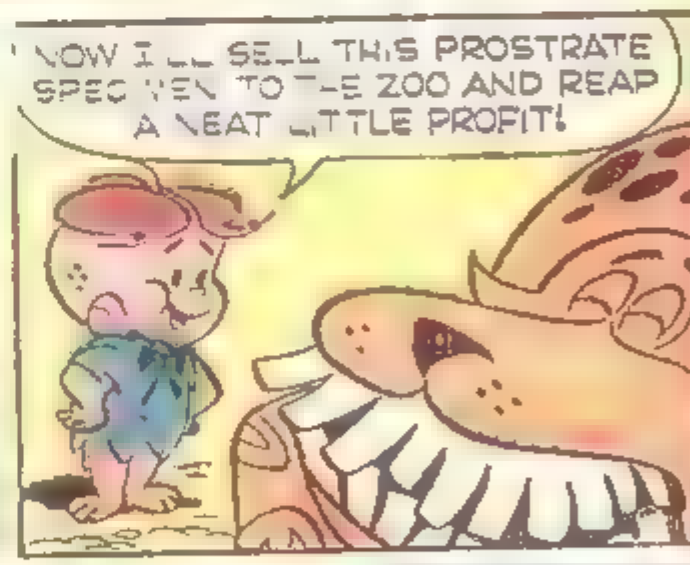
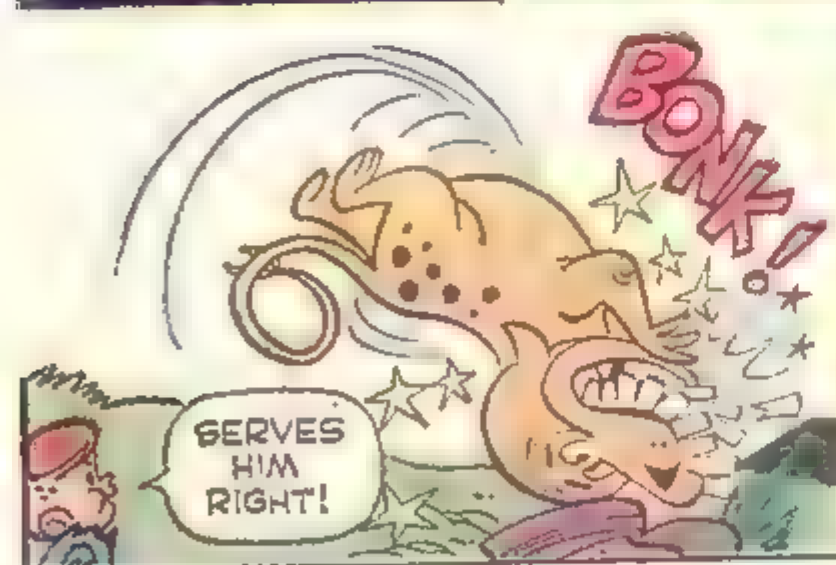
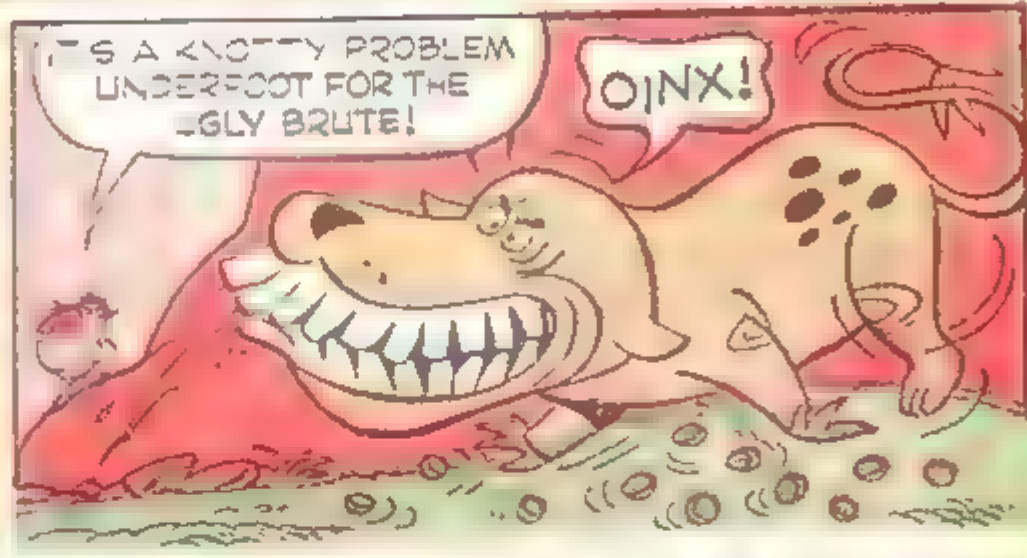
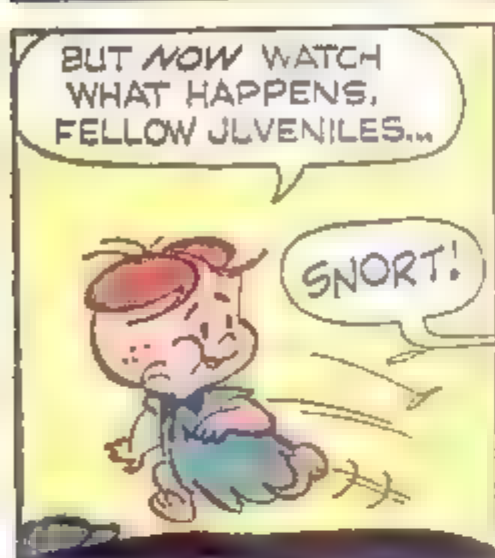
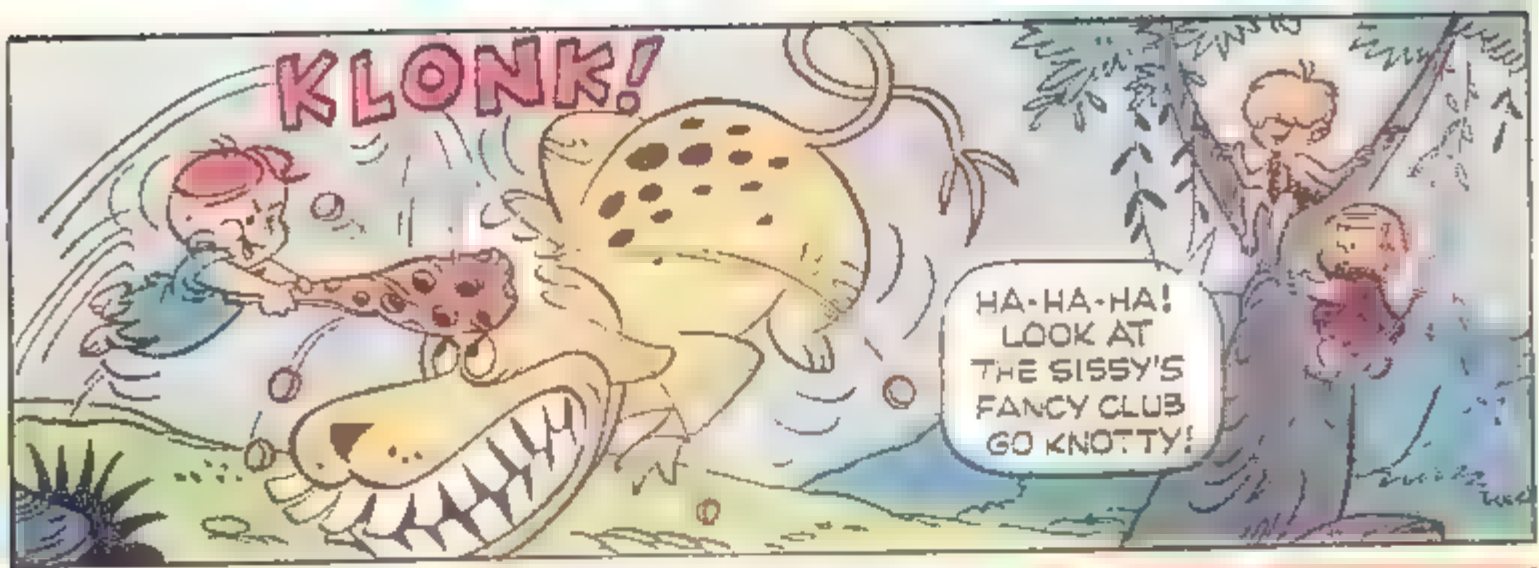
## KNOTTY BUT NICE









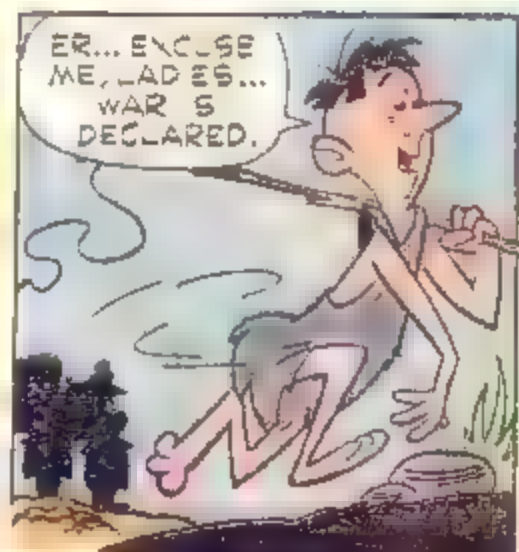
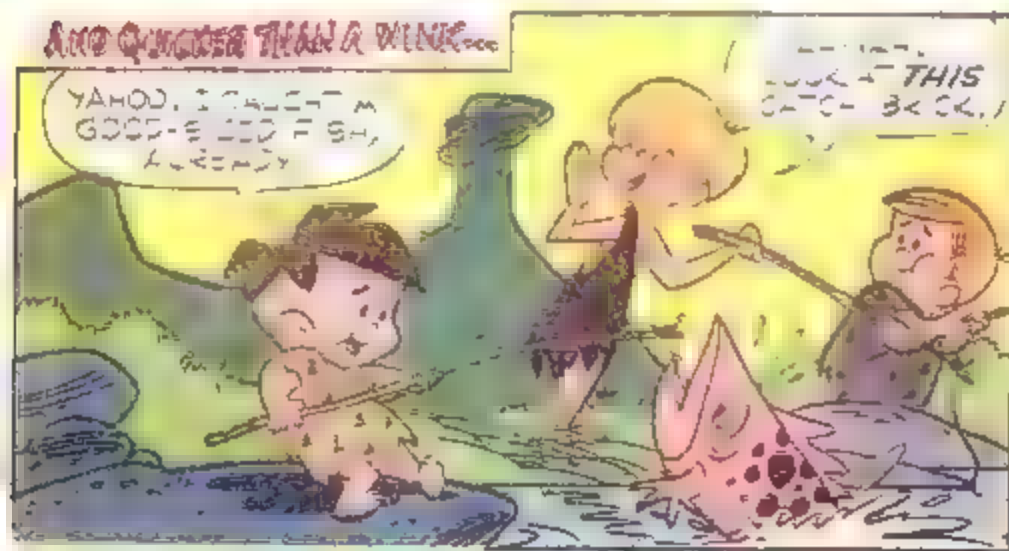
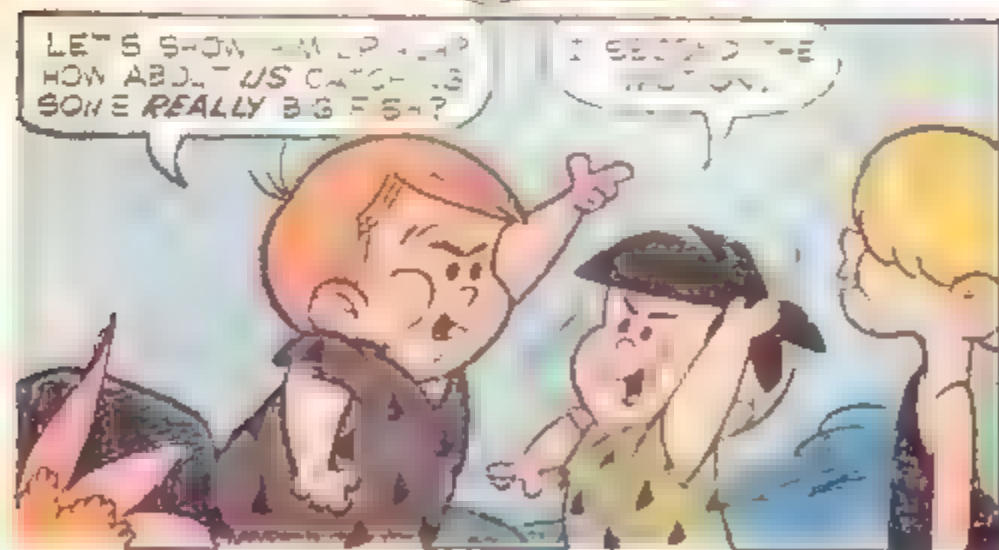
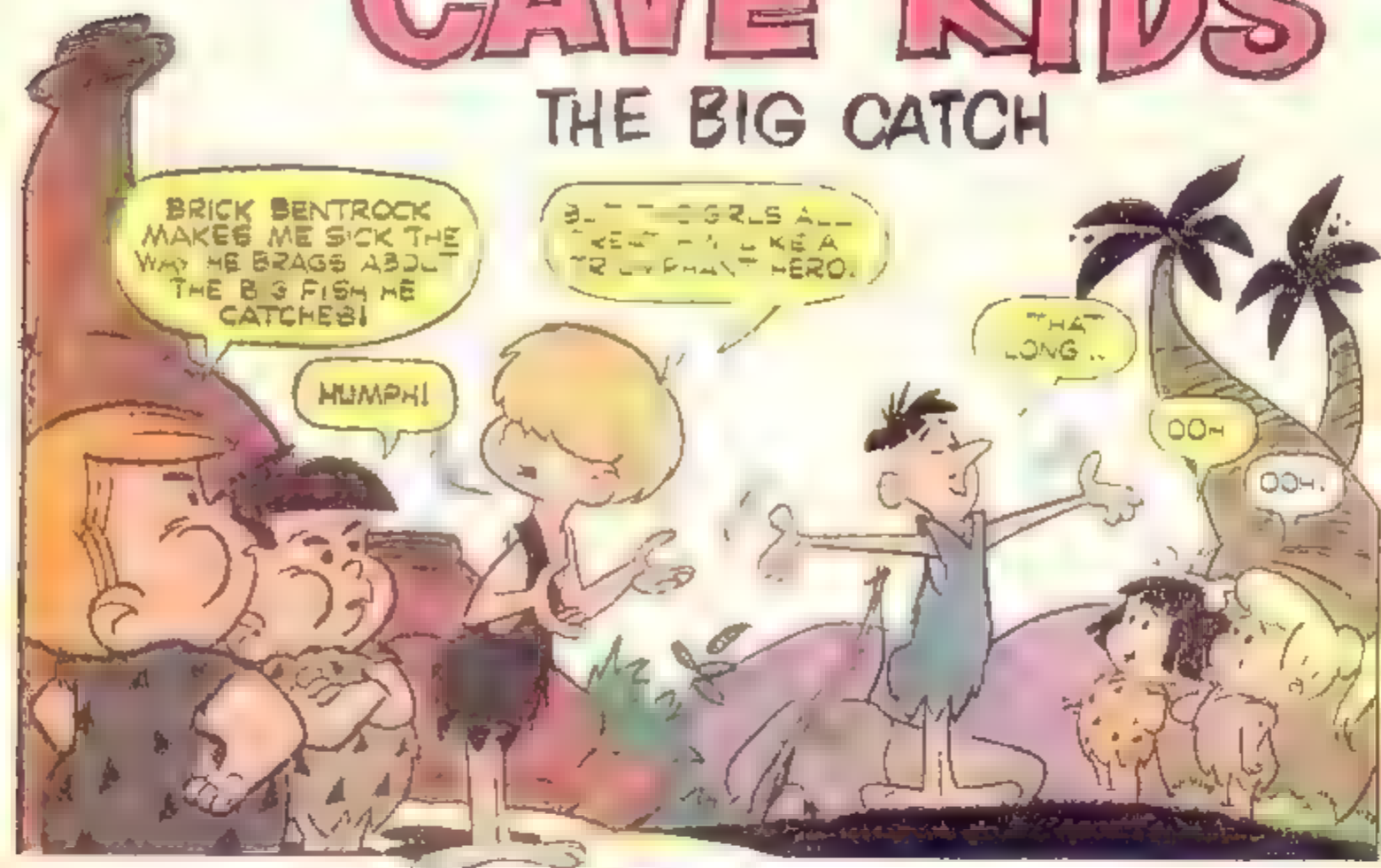




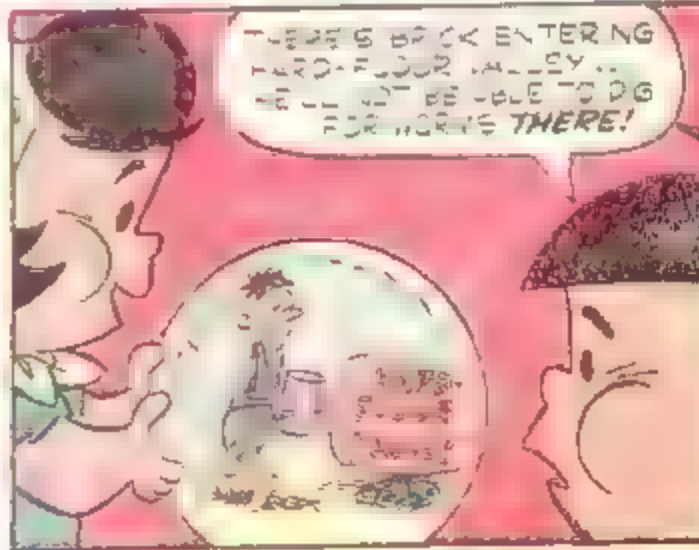
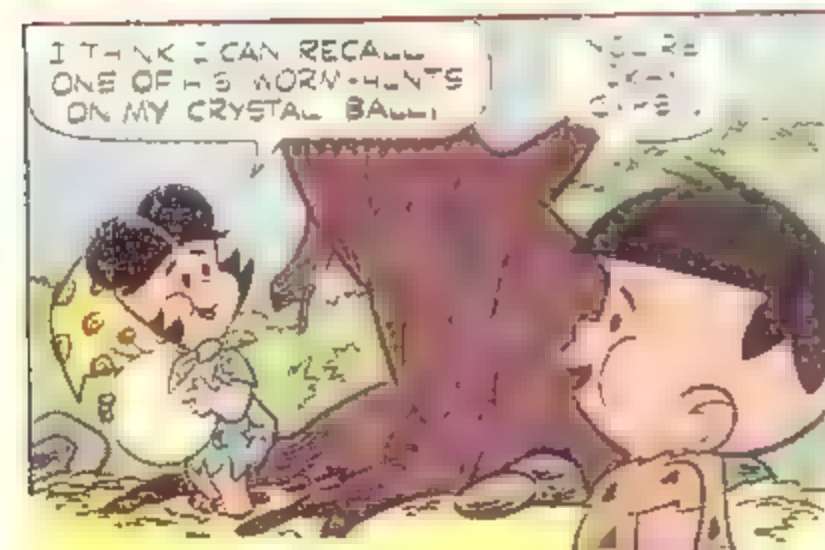
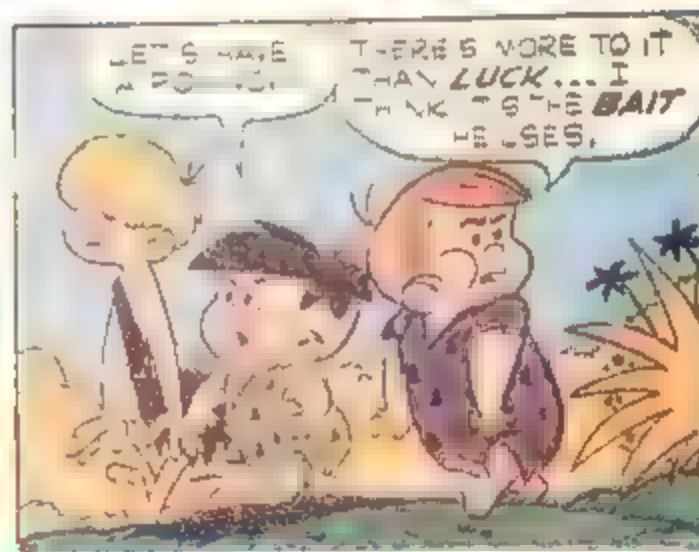
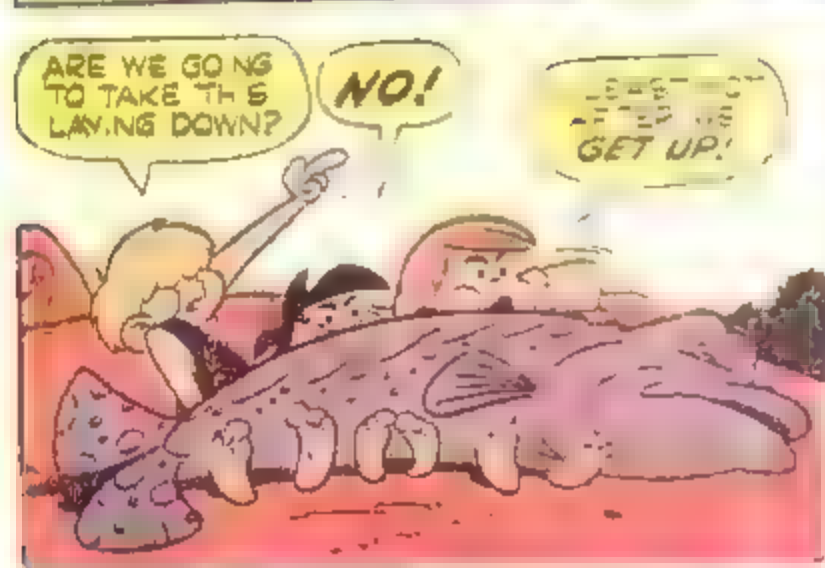
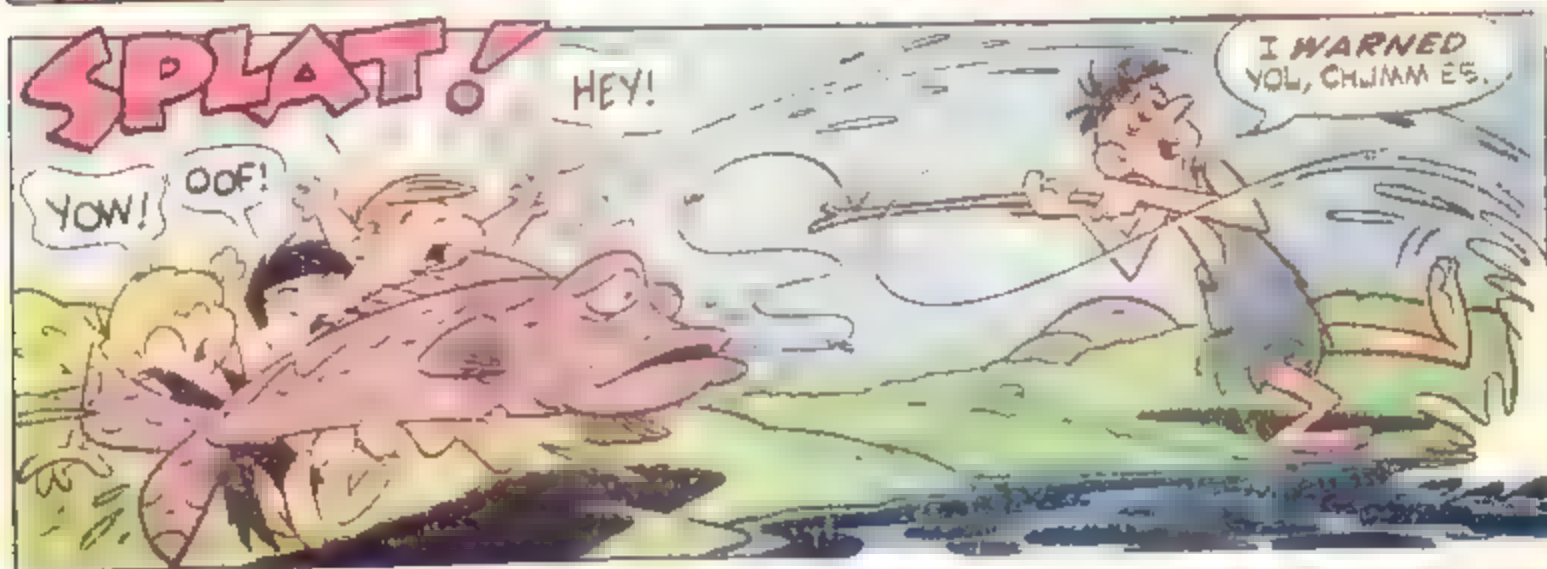
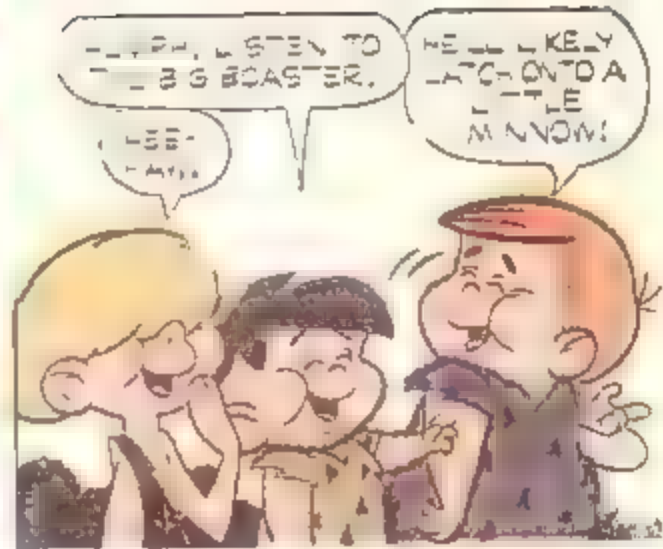
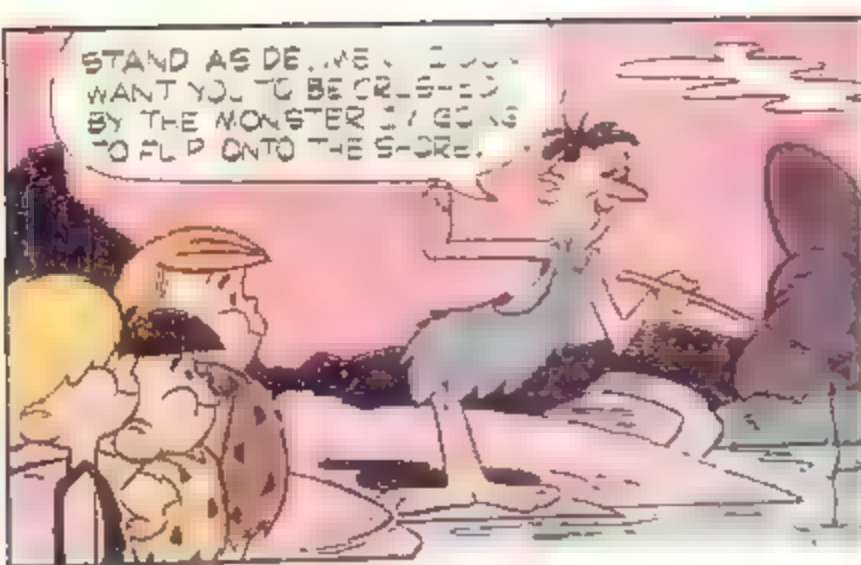
Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS

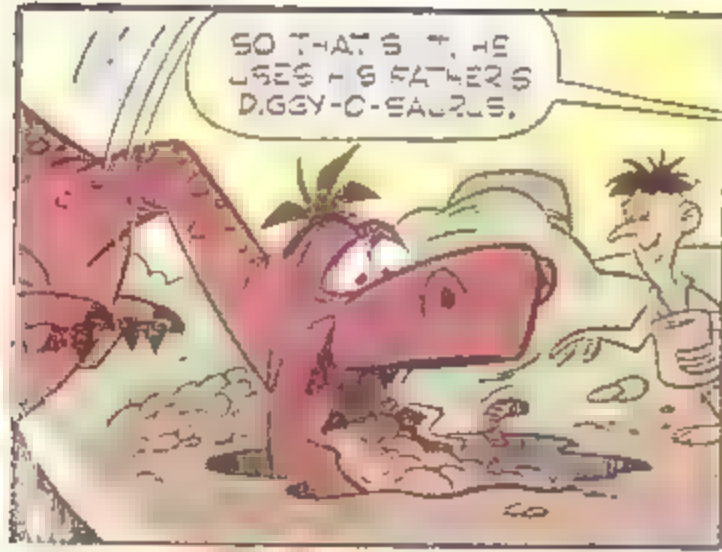
## THE BIG CATCH



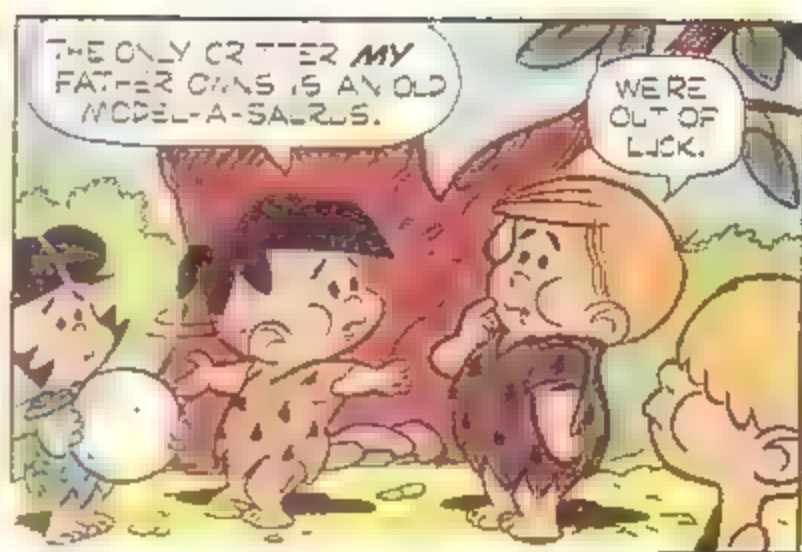






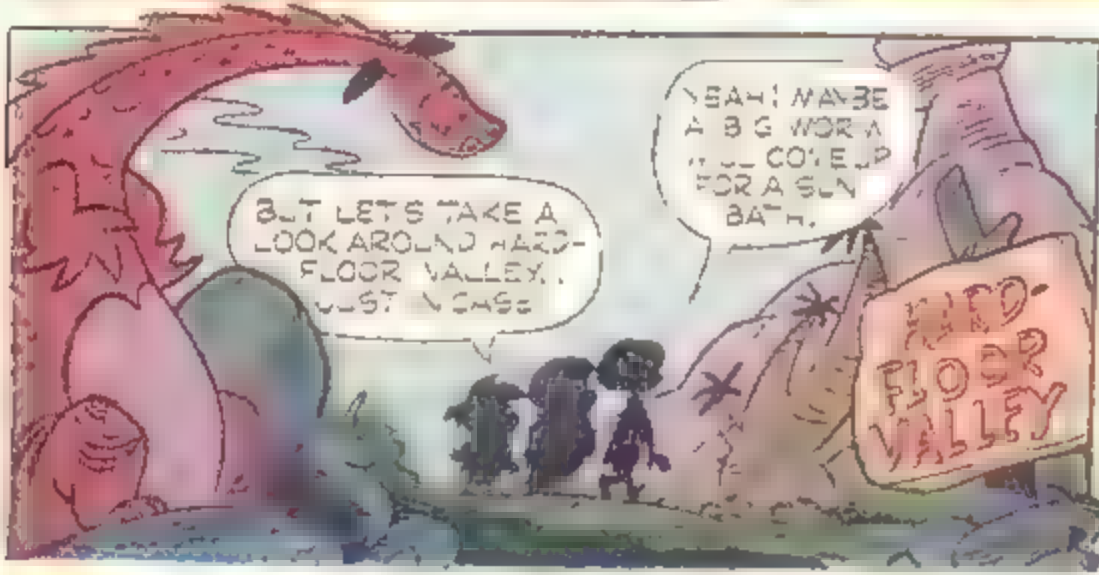


SO THAT'S T. HE  
USES HIS FATHER'S  
DIGGY-O-SAUURS.



THE ONLY CRITTER MY  
FATHER OWNS IS AN OLD  
MODEL-A-SAUURS.

WE'RE  
OUT OF  
LUCK.



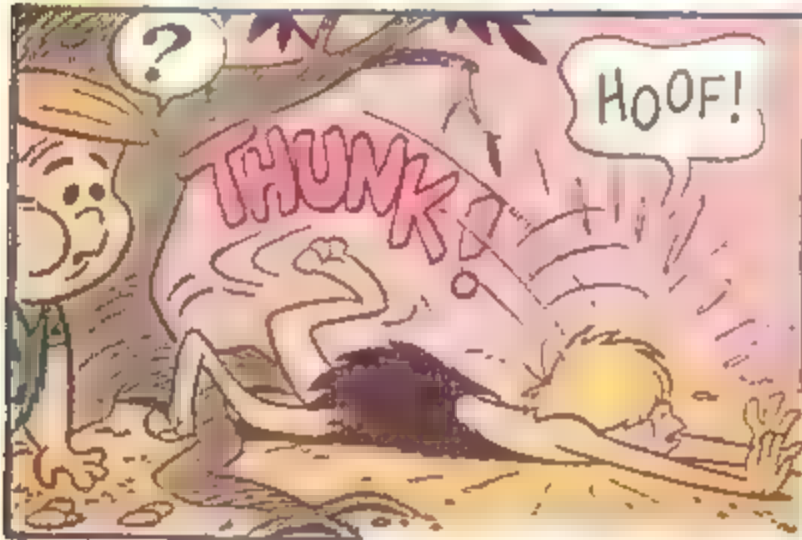
BUT LET'S TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND RED-  
FLOOR VALLEY.  
JUST IN CASE

YEAH! MAYBE  
A BIG WORM  
WILL COME UP  
FOR A SUN  
BATH.

RED-  
FLOOR  
VALLEY

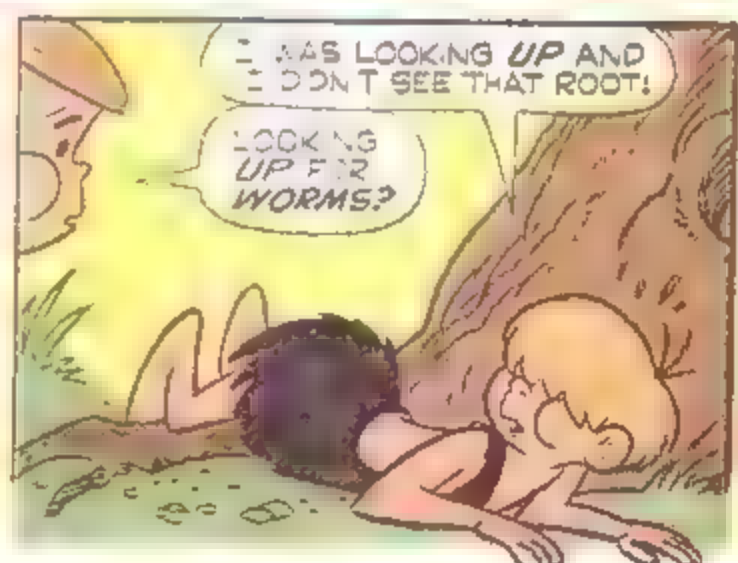


KEEP YOUR EYES  
PEELED, MEN!



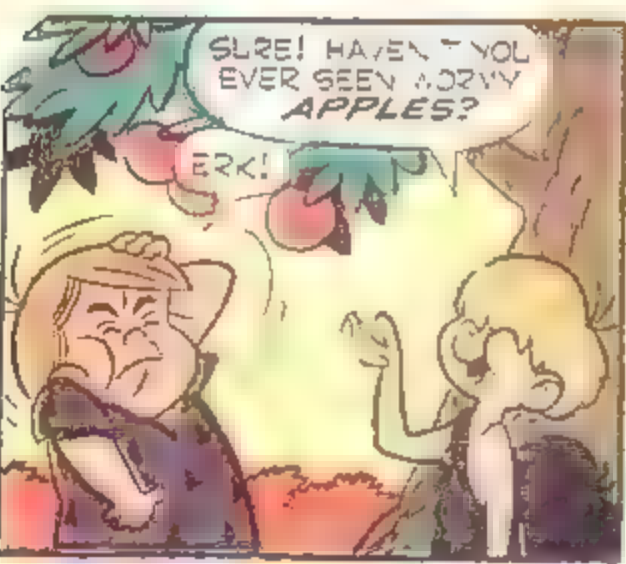
HOOF!

THUNK!



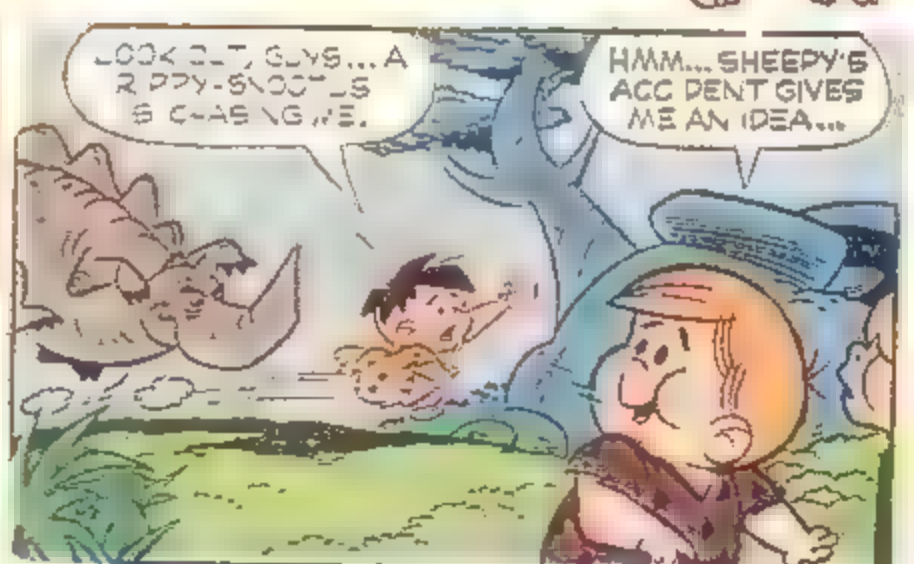
I WAS LOOKING UP AND  
I DON'T SEE THAT ROOT!

LOOKING  
UP FOR  
WORMS?



SURE! HAVEN'T YOU  
EVER SEEN APPLES?

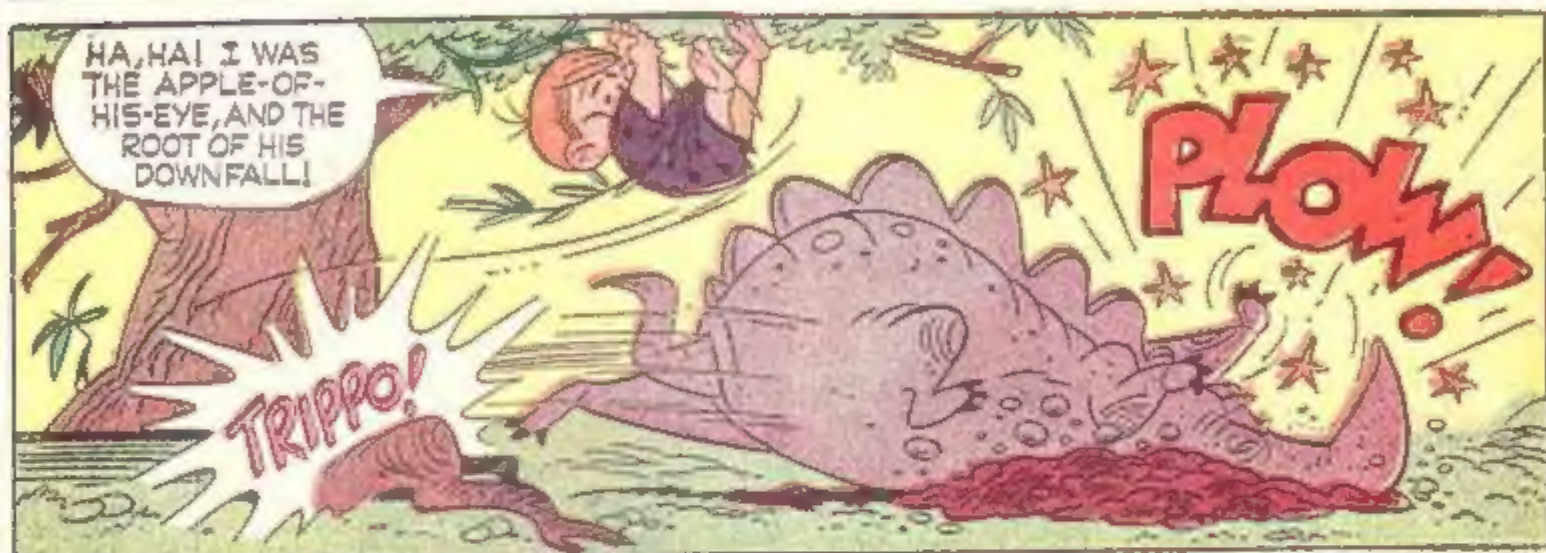
ERK!



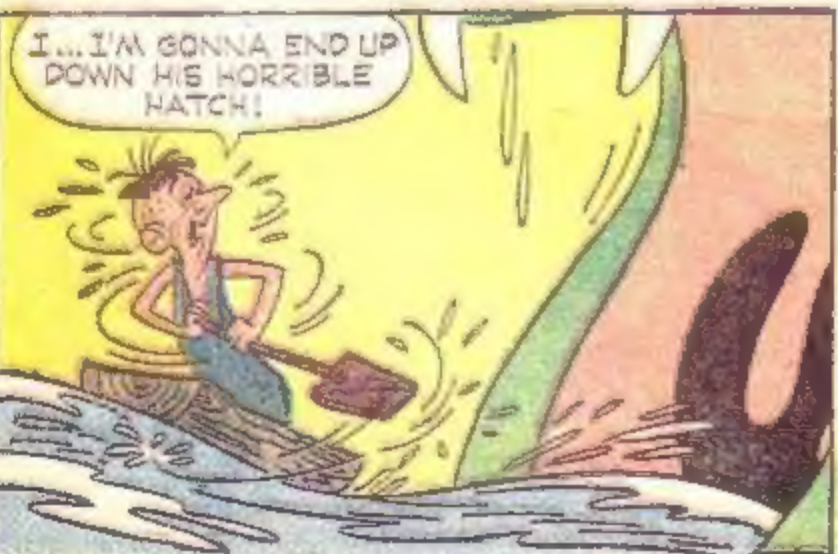
LOOK OUT, GUYS... A  
REDDY-SHOOTS  
IS CHASING ME.

HMM... SHEEPY'S  
ACCIDENT GIVES  
ME AN IDEA...

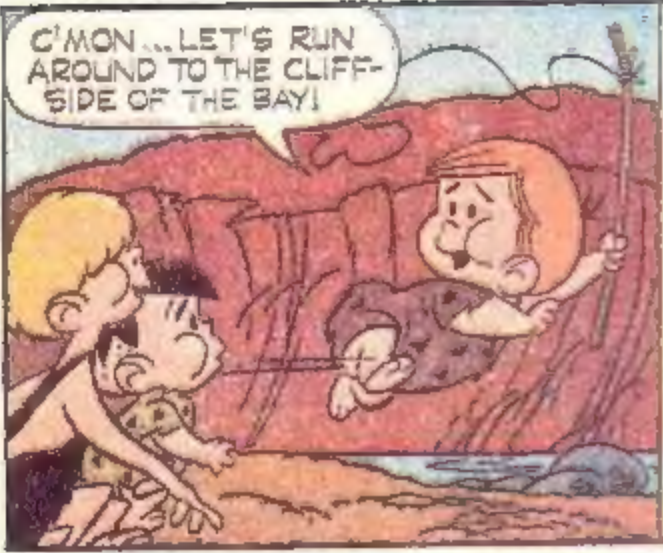












C'MON...LET'S RUN AROUND TO THE CLIFF-SIDE OF THE BAY!



AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME...

HUH? I'M HOOKED!



HA-HAI THAT LAST PADDLE WAS SUPPOSED TO SPLOSH ME DOWN!

SMACKO!



BOY, I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER THANK YOU GUYS!

DON'T BOTHER!



THE MERE FACT THAT WE WERE ABLE TO 'CATCH' YOU IS QUITE A FEATHER IN OUR CAP!

?



WE CAUGHT THE BIGGEST FISHERMAN AROUND...BRICK BENTROCK! ...THIS BIG!

I'M GONNA TAKE UP BUTTERFLY COLLECTING!

50000

50000



Hanna-Barbera

# SMALL STUFF

